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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLIX No. 2073 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC OCTOBER 14 1939

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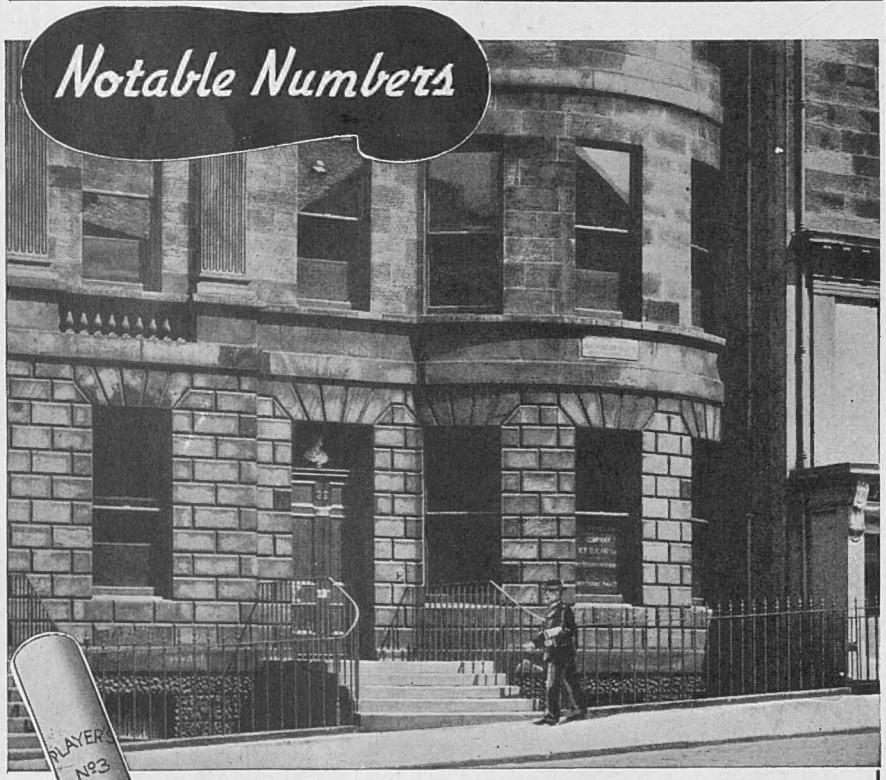

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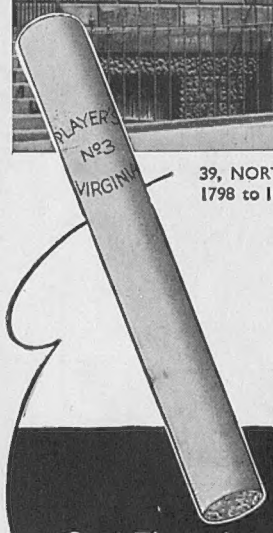

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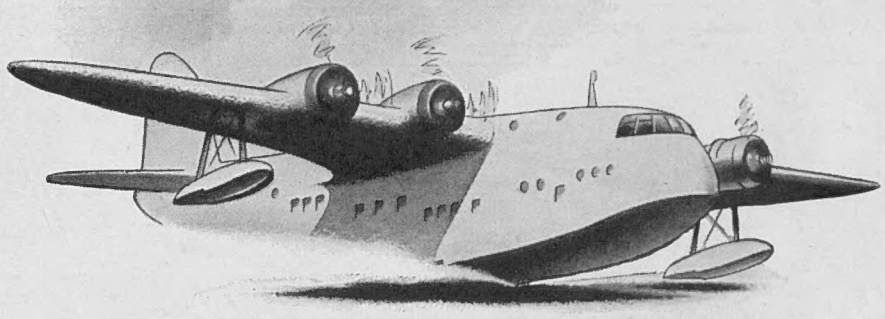

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V139

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, October 14, 1939

HITLER'S "TRIUMPHAL ENTRY" INTO WARSAW

A Silent City To "Welcome" the German Army's Occupation of the Polish Capital

On October 5, Hitler and the German Army made their threatened "triumphal entry" into Warsaw, when the German Leader reviewed his victorious troops. How the Poles welcomed their conquerors is vividly depicted above. Very complete preparations had been made for Hitler's safety by the German police, and all "dangerous elements" in the population were cleared out before his triumphal entry. It would almost seem as if the whole population of the Polish capital had come under the heading of "dangerous elements." The processional route was lined with soldiers to keep the crowds back—but no crowds appeared! Every figure in the above picture is that of a German, even on the roof tops, where strong guards were placed to prevent the throwing of missiles at the conquerors by the defeated and hostile populace

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THE DUKE OF KENT TOURS THE NAVAL SHIPYARDS

The British Royal Family are undoubtedly taking their part in the present war—and a very big part, too. The Duke of Kent has just finished a tour of naval yards in the north; and here he is seen chatting to one of the officials encountered during his tour, with Rear-Admiral Wellwood-Maxwell (behind) in attendance

A War Newsletter —No. VI

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4
Wednesday, October 11, 1939.

HITLER'S SPEECH.—It has been dinned into our ears and into the ears of neutrals by our Government that it will never make terms with Hitler and his gang. It has no quarrel with the German people, etc., etc. Why then in God's name do we toy with the vague peace proposals of a man with whom we are pledged never to make terms? It is the height of illogic. It beats me. It distresses me. Within one hour of the delivery of Hitler's speech (which had all the salient faults of the world's most blatant, clumsy, egotistical, and boring orator) we had drawn up and published an official critique of it, before it had been studied, a critique in which we scored some smart verbal points—which is easy enough to do. Why did the Government stoop or stop to score those points, if our pledge means anything at all? It was *Hitler* speaking. However, no doubt the ears of the neutrals must be fed with words. When the masquerade is over, the curtain will go up on the drama. In a short time now we may expect to feel the might of Germany's arm and to respond in like manner. And, since the imbecile and hideous business is inevitable, the sooner we cut the cackle the better now.

AN ISSUE CLEAR AS CRYSTAL.—One man (and his gangsters) made the war. One man (and his gangsters) alone stand in the way of peace and a lasting settlement. This nation and scores of others jealously weighed Mr. Chamberlain's latest words when he re-affirmed the determination of France and Britain and their aims in taking up arms. Any peace proposals in which Hitler has a dominating voice, imposing terms, are turned down *now*. Any peace proposals which imply the free voice of the German people joining with the voices of the peoples of other great powers for peace and a lasting and generous settlement will receive the most careful and sincere consideration of France and Britain. One man started the war and one nation can have the peace it bitterly cries for. It is up to the German people to give us a government whose word Europe can trust, which can speak for the real Germany and give to Germany that just settlement which Hitler has perpetually prevented. With that perjurer who in five years has stamped out Communism in the Reich by murder and torture and brought back Communism to the door of Germany; who has liquidated the Jews in Germany and re-populated Germany with millions of Polish Jews; with that arch-traitor, arch-cad and arch-blunderer, the Allies will not, and the German people, if they want peace and justice, must not further deal.

A FORGOTTEN TREASURE.—I sometimes think I stand alone in the obstinately held belief that we talk too much. We are obsessed with the idea that propaganda is a matter of bulk, not selection. We must answer every wordy challenge with a hundred spokesmen, explain to the world the implications of every development in the war and announce to the world the future intentions of enemy or neutral states before those countries know those intentions themselves. Now, a speech like Mr. Churchill's now famous broadcast in so far as it was sane, restrained, noble, humorous and a call to courage and faith in our cause, was the very ideal of what war talk by accredited leaders should be, and "worth a hundred batteries of heavy guns or 100 squadrons of bombers." But in so far as it forecast the intentions of Russia, it seemed to me to be open to criticism. Russia probably was quite uncertain, when Mr. Churchill was speaking, what she will do in certain eventualities. The day after he spoke, Turkey at least had reason to announce the expectation that Russia (so far from pursuing vital interests in common with France, Britain and Turkey) was doing her best to compel Turkey to break with Britain and close the Dardanelles. That is a single example. What seems to me to be desirable and proper in this propaganda war is to tell the British public all that may be told of good and bad in the conduct of the war, to trust the nation's courage and to avoid boring us with moral platitudes and exhortations to endure and make sacrifices; to continue every effort to reach the German people on the lines of the Archbishop of York's discourse; to announce to Germany and to neutrals our war aims but not our peace terms, while yet the war is to be fought and peace terms are still to come. On the other hand, to avoid the baser forms of blackening the characters of Nazi leaders. The truth is, every neutral and every sane German knows to a nicety what Hitler's word is worth and has a good working idea of the characters of his gang-lieutenants. In peace time, the Knickerbocker "disclosures" would not be legitimate propaganda. The evidence has not yet been sifted to satisfy even Mr. Muddlecomb, J.P. The same may be said of Göring's secret butter supplies. It *may* be all true, or partly true, and it is first-rate war munitions; but (and it needs courage to say it) it is a rather undignified weapon for Britain in the paper war.

WASTE OF BREATH.—Every sane German and every sane neutral knows the truth of everything we reiterate—the purity of our war aims, the justice of our cause, the filthiness of the gang of Nazis. But to-day, and while force is rampant, no amount of shrieking will persuade the weak nations or the nations still remote from carnage to act or declare their faith one inch beyond what their vital national or personal safety will justify. As for the strong aggressor nations, they will act at a moment's notice in the way which best suits their material interests. So it is that to prophesy what Russia means to do, what Germany's diplomatic errors are, what Turkey will clearly gain by doing, what America ought to do, and where Rumania's or Italy's interests lie, is not only waste of breath but a risky and needlessly provocative expenditure of words. It doesn't do to be proved wrong too often if you wish to be believed as a prophet or propagandist. Until aggression and brute force are conquered, men and nations will act on principles dictated, not by high morality, but by national safety, if weak; and by national interest, if strong and aggressive. That is why I believe, while yet the great issue remains to be fully joined, that silence is still golden, and that propaganda, a vital weapon, needs to be selective and most carefully defined.

GOVERNMENT'S PEACE TERMS.—Speaking at Glasgow for the Scottish Council of the Labour Party, Mr. Callaghan carried a resolution urging the Government to outline Britain's peace proposals. He and his followers were convinced that the growth of Fascism was a menace to democratic institutions. They also believed that the mere crushing of Hitlerism would never secure the peace of Europe. The Labour Party's foreign and colonial policy should be followed (he said) in formulating the terms on which Britain would treat with Germany. Two things puzzle me here. I had thought that our ears had been daily dinned with the outline of Britain's peace policy by every Minister in contact with a microphone or near a rostrum. I thought no doubt existed, no "t" remained to be crossed, in the precisely stated terms. And, second: I see a curious paradox in the two statements of Mr. Callaghan's faith. Fascism menaces democracy. The crushing of Hitlerism will never secure peace. I have studied Labour's foreign and colonial policy. I have noted with satisfaction that Labour has given and will give full support to the Government, to achieve the crushing of Fascism. There is nothing in Labour's printed policy which is not implied in the Government's programme of ultimate pacification for Europe, once it becomes possible to treat with Germany. With Hitler and his gang we will never treat again and that, we understood, was the view of Labour when it offered wholehearted support to the Government in prosecuting the war. Mr. Callaghan suggests that either Labour desires to go much farther than the Government or less far. Which is it?

ANOTHER PUZZLE.—The sanctions of morality and honour—it is no exaggeration to say it!—are not of universal application in international relations to-day. Neutral nations must guard their tongues, and the declaration of their faith must be defined by caution. But the fear that prevents a national declaration of faith does not in countries still enjoying a measure of freedom prevent individual expressions of faith and opinion in the press and in the street; and in the slavery of Europe men's hearts are still not wholly fettered. And so to-day not thousands but millions of men and women on the world's face must feel the astonishment we feel in England and France at the futility or stupidity of Hitler's obvious hope that his peace campaign may receive serious consideration whether or no his hope is shared by Stalin. For a year and more the Democracies—in the one faint hope of averting the final calamity which is now come upon the world—suffered themselves to be despised, degraded, insulted and twisted by one tyrant. And now, when that tyrant, faced at last and already yellow about the eyes,

AN UNUSUAL SIGHT IN LONDON

This picture was taken only a day or two ago. It shows a number of French sailors on leave escorting a fair member of the A.F.S. through a principal thoroughfare where, needless to say, their presence caused quite a mild sensation

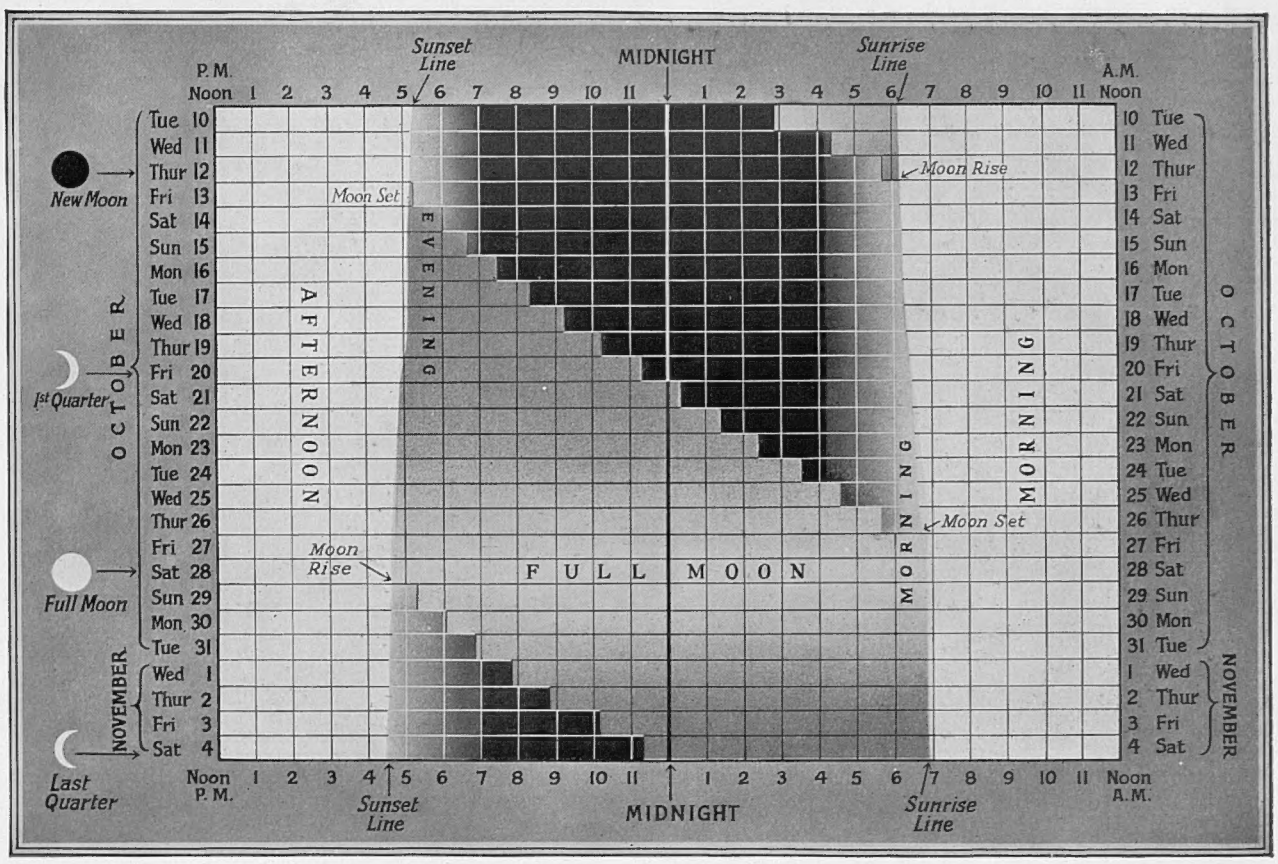
throws out the proposal that henceforth we should endure the same humiliation from two tyrants instead of from one, he expects with some confidence that his proposal will be carefully considered. Morality apart, it was hard to believe that any statesman of any neutral state would of his own free will play the part of go-between in a negotiation so monstrous, so imbecile, so doomed to failure. Mussolini, we believe, latterly contributed sincerely and constructively to the last efforts to prevent world war, and earned thereby the gratitude and respect of Italy, the Democracies and the civilised world. Of his own *free will* it was difficult to believe that he would to-day put a finger on so withered and so jejune an olive branch as a dictated peace from the perjured lips of Hitler. If he later intervenes, clearly he will insist on some approach less stupid and futile.

THE AMAZING MARRIAGE.—That Communism as now practised in Russia will swallow any measure of insults however poisonous and kiss the hand that offers the cup is one of the discoveries of an astonished world. That Nazism will lie down in the bed which it has condemned as verminous is another. These two discoveries have revealed the worth of two ideologies and the unparalleled cynicism of those who sponsored them. But that is not the end of the surprises of that amazing marriage. Communism may swallow insults and kiss the mouth that speaks them, but will it swallow blows also and kiss the whip hand? The German Nazis could only coin foul insults for the Communists in Russia, but it could and did go further with the Communists in the Reich. It killed and beat and imprisoned and tortured them. It is a strong party in the Reich. To-day it sees its spiritual home established on its own border; it sees its Nazi oppressors kissing the hand of Communism and swearing eternal friendship. And that is a hard fact which suggests that henceforth the Communist Party in the Reich will regain its liberty and equality with the ruling party or it will ask the reason why not, either from Stalin with a strong plea for help or from Hitler with an even stronger weapon. The marriage, it seems certain, must foreshadow a better time coming for Communism in the Reich—one way or another.

HESS'S HARVEST THANKSGIVING.—"Boss" Hess took the rostrum for the Nazi Government's harvest thanksgiving speech to the nation. It wasn't exactly in the tradition of harvest festival speeches, for there was more hate and less speed-the-plough. It appeared that England had equipped and launched an army of several million Poles to fall upon Germany with fire and sword. And what had happened? Practically without loss Germany had wiped Poland off the map. Of course, accidents will happen, and the Government had decided to put that right by issuing a minor decoration to every wife and mother, a bare 100,000 only, who had lost a husband or son in this way. It was, in short, an immeasurably successful harvest for Germany, and peace and plenty were assured in the east for all time. Germany had only one idea, to make nature's wealth available to all the nations. Witness her good start in the ploughing up of Poland. Some of his audience, as they mechanically clapped, may have wondered what sort of harvest festival it was. The harvest of death, perhaps.

HYMN OF HATE.—The German Hymn of Hate was the Lillibulero of the late war. It enabled us to laugh our way to victory, and it laughed into exile the House of Hohenzollern as Lillibulero laughed away the Stuarts. And now it has reappeared in Nuremberg in a new (pure Aryan) form, a Nazi hymn which may laugh away the Nazis. There are one or two quite admirable lines in a poem of high literary merit.

"Who torpedoed its own ships?—England.
"Who shoots down Belgian airmen?—England.
"Who gave Polish murderers permission and aid?—England."



A GUIDE TO THE MOONLIGHT YOU WILL GET DURING NEXT FORTNIGHT

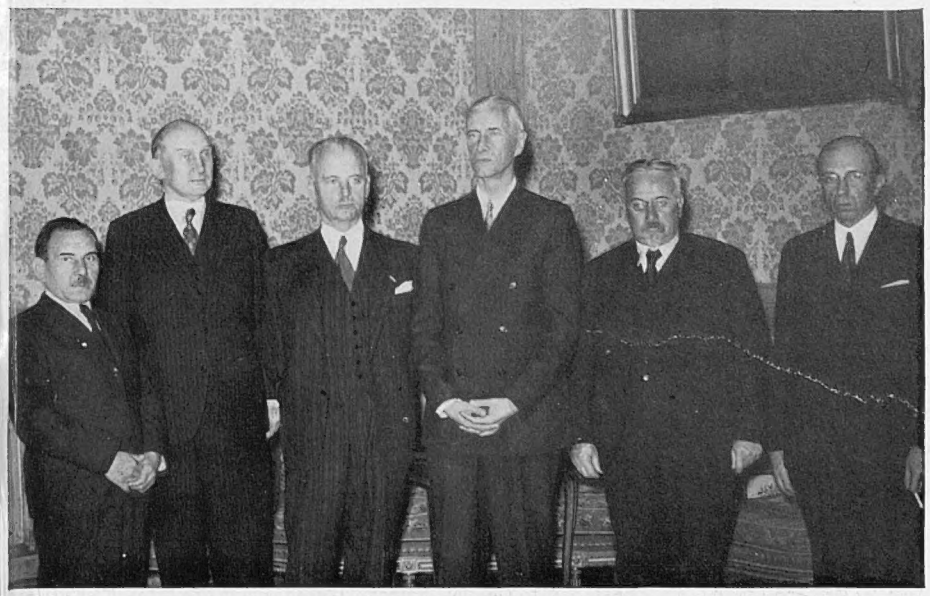
This diagram has been prepared for "Sphere" readers in order that they may know at a glance, when they get familiar with the chart, how much moonlight they will get on any particular evening of the period. People have learned recently that the moon does not necessarily stay up all night. Let the reader take the evening of to-day—Saturday the 14th. He should run his finger from left to right. The light portion shows that the moon is up for a short period and sets early, where the dark shading begins. On each succeeding day there is an increasingly late setting of the moon. It is not until Saturday, October 21, that the moon continues up above the horizon until midnight. Saturday, October 28, will give the night traveller a fine supply of moonlight

Perhaps I have quoted enough to show that the Germans have retained under Nazi rule all the humour and the culture which distinguished them in the last years of the Hohenzollerns.

SIR RALPH GLYN.—Sir Ralph Glyn made a remarkable intervention in the Budget debate. I confess I thought he was waving the old school tie too vigorously to be taken seriously. He spoke of the "public scandal." He was reported as saying: "He was on the governing body of a public school (Radley, I think) which feared that present Budget legislation might mean the removal of some of the boys whose parents could no longer pay the fees. We were living in an atmosphere of tremendous change—the old order would pass for ever. We should do everything possible not to damage the prospects of the rising generation. Perhaps the Board of Education would take over the public schools? By passing this Budget the House would be damaging young lives for whom they were responsible. (Cheers)." If this is not old-school-tie rampant, I never saw it. The old order is gone for ever. But one phase of it *must* remain, the public school, with its sketchy education at the cost of £280 to £350 a year per head. Here surely the cheers were not from every part of the House! If in the face of this Budget and in the shadow of Budgets to come, Sir Ralph and other school governors do not now sit down and think how to revise the unnecessary and absurd frills and trappings of public school "economy" and so reform the public school system that education there may yet be within the means of the parents who have hitherto supported those schools, then indeed public school education is better scrapped with other luxuries, like night club life and luxury cruises and fleets of motor cars. I observe that Eton has made its first contribution by initiating new "colours" for three or four more games.

FOLLOWING IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF VON TIRPITZ

Grand Admiral Raeder, head of the German Navy, is evidently determined to outstrip Von Tirpitz, leader of the German Navy in the great war and the inaugurator of the "sink without trace" campaign by the U-boats. Admiral Raeder is the man who has officially informed the U.S. Government that the *Iroquois* is to be sunk when it nears the American eastern coast—the obvious implication being that the Germans are to do the sinking and the British are to get the blame! This sweet little plot seems to have miscarried, though—partly owing to the inherent impossibility of the Germans to understand the Anglo-Saxon and American temperaments and mentality!



POLAND IS NOT YET FINISHED

In Paris a new Polish Cabinet has been formed to lead and direct the Polish effort which still goes on, despite that the country has been overrun by the German and Russian hordes. The new Government consists of prominent political leaders representative of every shade of political thought. Here are seen the members of the new Cabinet—(second from left) M. Auguste Zaleski, Foreign Minister; General Wladislaw Sikorski, Premier; M. Raczkiewicz, President of Poland; M. Stanislaw Stronski, Vice-President of the Council; and Colonel Adam Koc, Minister of Finance

REGULATIONS.—Many butchers are graziers. Ours is. He is short-handed now, of course, and he had some bullocks in his field ripe for slaughter. But, it being war-time, he is regulated beyond the normal. No beast can be slaughtered until it has passed under the hammer at the allotted market. So our butcher had to find labour and transport to move his beasts 17 miles to his appropriate market town. There they passed "through the market" and were handed back to him after a paper transaction which cost him, I think, 11s. Then he drove the beasts back home (having used two gallons of precious petrol) and slaughtered them. Regulations are like that, until all their inherent absurdities are realised and they slowly grow more elastic and sensible. War is waste, and nothing man can do can alter that.

THE OLD STAGER

THE TRAGEDY OF WARSAW—AND THE BRITISH ANSWER

A SHELL-TORN ROAD INTO WARSAW WITH TRAMCARS SMASHED AND OVERTURNED

WATCHING THE DEVASTATION OF THE PRAGA QUARTER OF WARSAW FROM BEHIND THE BATTERIES OF THE INVADERS

That the outer ring of Warsaw has suffered heavily is obvious from the above pictures. It remains to be seen how far the interior parts of the city and its famous buildings have been damaged. One curious statement is made by a foreign correspondent that the Okencie Aerodrome is undamaged, not a pane of glass in its hangars being broken. The Helsingfors correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post* writes that: "Valuable furniture, paintings, and bric-a-brac, seized by Gestapo officers, are dispatched to German homes. Closed shops are being broken into and their goods, including art treasures and old books, are sent to the Reich. People who refuse to surrender food or fuel, textiles or metals are beaten or fined. Some have been imprisoned and others executed. Even door handles and metal kitchen utensils have been collected for the Reich. In an effort to create sympathy for themselves the Germans supply the poor and members of the underworld with food taken from the wealthier classes. Before Hitler's arrival in Warsaw to review the German forces which conquered the city the inhabitants were forced to clean the streets, remove débris, and rub out slogans written on walls. The German bombardment having shattered most of the windows, unbroken panes were removed for use in buildings in which Germans are billeted."

THIS OPEN-AIR CONCERT PRESENTED A PLEASANT SCENE TO THE EYE WITH ITS OLD-TIME ELEVATED STAGE

In the grounds of a large Sussex mansion a church parade and entertainment was held on Sunday morning for over 1,500 soldiers, prior to their leaving for overseas

FROM NORTH AND SOUTH OF THE TWEED THESE VOICES CARRY ON WITH A SWING

Six hundred soldiers and soldiers' wives had a sing-song with Jack Hylton's band at a gramophone studio a few days ago. They recorded old song favourites. Here fourteen-year-old Terry Jo Houston (daughter of Renee Houston), with a stalwart corporal on either side, is seen singing "It's a Long, Long Trail." Tommies were marching to that song in France nearly ten years before she was born

SOLDIERS AT THE CHURCH PARADE DURING THE SUNDAY PRIOR TO THEIR DEPARTURE

Wearing helmets and a considerable amount of kit, these men sang the hymns sturdily enough, though the Senior Service of the sea has to be heard to realise what community hymn-singing can be

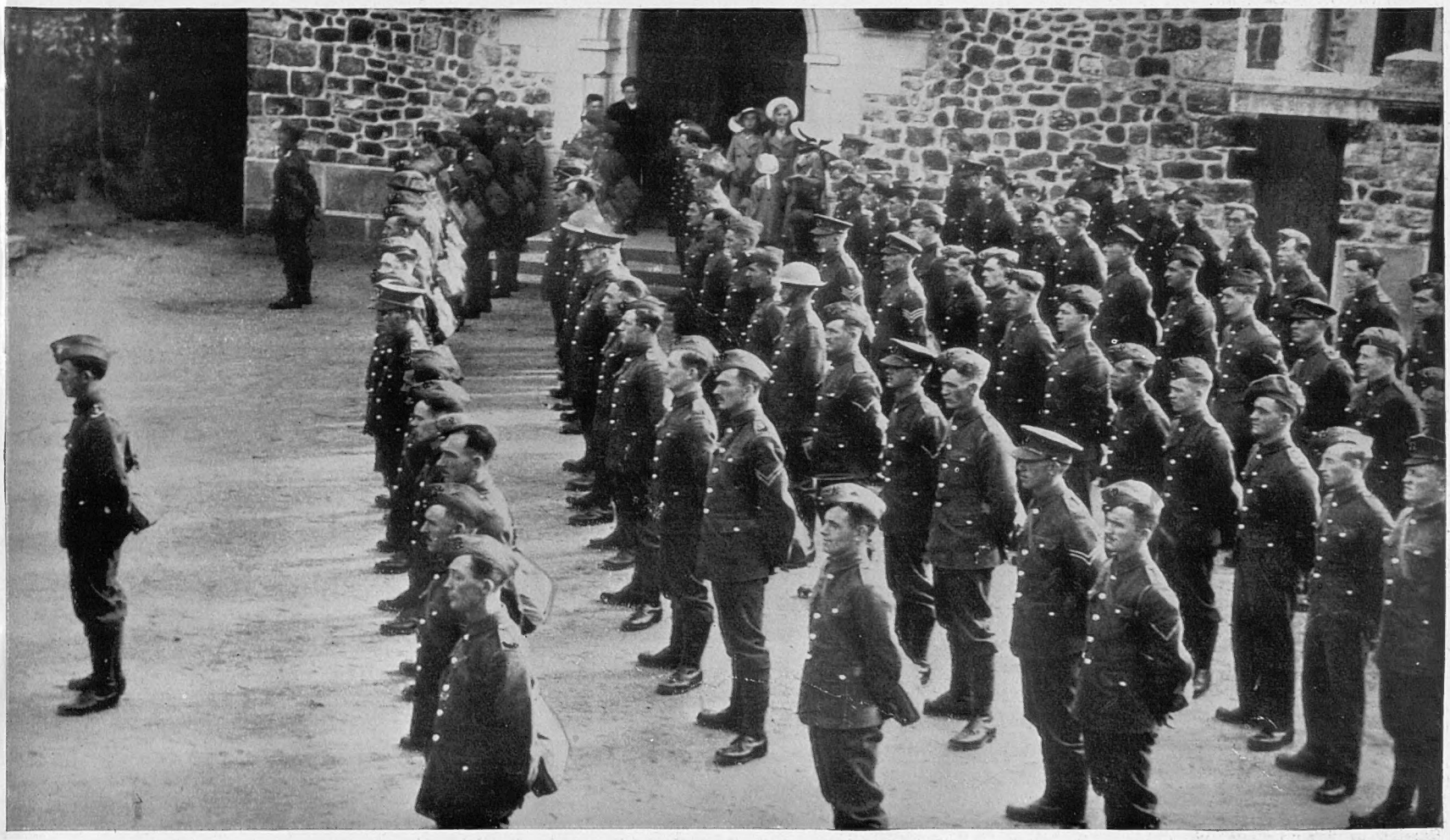
BRITISH BREN MACHINE-GUN CARRIERS PASSING THROUGH A FRENCH VILLAGE ON THE WAY TO A RENDEZVOUS

IT MIGHT BE "WITH MARLBOROUGH IN FLANDERS": BILLETING DOWN IN A THOROUGHLY TRADITIONAL MANNER IN A FRENCH FARMHOUSE STABLE

Notes from France include the following little items referring to Thomas Atkins' reappearance in the villages across the Channel. British soldiers on their way to the front have taught French peasants a new form of greeting to rival the Nazi salute. As lorry loads pass through towns and villages they make the "thumbs up" gesture of the "Lambeth Walk." The French give the same signal in reply. Billets, of course, vary from the stables shown here to the stately chateau. One of the latter type has been lent by the owner, who is still occupying her private rooms. Her husband has enlisted in the French Army and she has lent her home to the Army

WITH THE BRITISH TROOPS IN FRANCE

TRANSPORT TRUCKS LADEN WITH EQUIPMENT AND FOOD STARTING OUT FOR THE DAY'S JOURNEY



The Army Post Office is now dealing with thousands of letters every day for soldiers serving in France. There have been a number of complaints that letters and parcels sent by relatives have not reached their destination. Possible explanations are that they were incorrectly addressed, thousands having been sent "care of G.P.O." instead of "care of Army Post Office," or that they were sent to old addresses of men by relatives who did not know that they had already gone overseas. These letters are now being traced and forwarded. Field post-cards and letters from the men in France have been handled by the Army Post Office for some days now

THE BRITISH SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE IS NOT FORGOTTEN—A SCENE OUTSIDE A LITTLE FRENCH CHAPEL

THE STRATEGY OF THE WAR—No. III

A Week-by-Week Commentary on the Military Situation

By GENERAL SIR CHARLES HARINGTON, G.C.B., G.B.E., D.S.O., D.C.L.

UP to the time of writing there is little to report as regards operations on the Western Front except that the French continue to gain points of vantage and improve their pincer tactics closing on Saarbrücken. It is clear that a lot of the mining area has been evacuated and also that the French are gradually gaining ground which will prevent the Germans from shelling the Maginot Line.

It is also clear that both the French and British headquarters have been able to obtain much valuable information from the splendid work of their respective air forces, but it is still a mystery to me why the Germans allowed our planes to fly over the Siegfried Line at 600 ft. unmolested. Somebody must surely have got into trouble over that. Even in the last war our planes had to fight hard for that sort of information.

This is not like moving warfare. The gun positions, concrete pill-boxes, strong points, ammunition dumps, hangars, roads and railways, etc., cannot be moved in a night. There can be no bluff about this. Very valuable photographs have been obtained of all these, and I can visualise with what joy the Allied staffs have plotted all these on their maps. One cannot but be proud of the valuable work which is being done by the Allied air forces, and it is good news to hear that the inhabitants of Berlin have seen our planes and leaflets. It is also good news to know that our British Expeditionary Force has been successfully transported and has taken up its position alongside our allies.

Mr. Winston Churchill's broadcast and the Prime Minister's fifth statement both gave us a quiet confidence. It is clear that the Allied staffs are working in the closest touch, and General Gamelin's thorough and methodical steps forward cannot fail to gain the approval of all. There is little or no news from Poland. The last Polish troops appear to have surrendered on Friday last. There is news of a good rally of Poles and Czechoslovaks taking place in France at the moment. We do not know whether German troops are being transferred to the west in large numbers.

There has certainly been no inkling as regards any preparations for a heavy attack on the Maginot Line and I do not think that there will be. We hear of movements near both the Luxembourg and Swiss frontiers, but that is only to be expected. With these great fortified lines and zones there can be no "surprise" by either side. If Hitler is going to hurl his masses against the Maginot Line he has got to put his cards on the table. He cannot hide them in this form of warfare.

The Allies will know exactly where the attack will come. In any case, whatever happens, the French have made the task considerably more difficult for the Germans by having established a sort of screen in the Saarbrücken-Saarlouis district, in front of the Maginot Line. It is interesting to learn that Hitler himself took an active part in planning the Siegfried Line, a pretty technical job. I have never known in what branch of the service Hitler served in the last war. Was it as a corporal in the engineers that he obtained that technical knowledge?

It is difficult to realise what we have witnessed during the last six weeks. Germany threatening Poland whilst we were carrying out talks of some kind with Russia. Germany turning a completely deaf ear to France and England, whilst preparing a number of points for Poland which were never even presented to her. Germany marching on Poland and bringing in Russia by the back door to help her, a clever but very dangerous policy, and one on which the whole future of Europe may depend. The Poles after heroic resistance were overrun. They could do no more. The Germans and Russians were for the moment elated. Poland was no more.

Then stock was taken. The Russians had come along too fast. They had met with little or no opposition. They had got between the Germans and Rumania and were masters of the oil-fields. They had also not been idle in the north. They very soon made arrangements for naval and air bases in Estonia and almost daily they seem to make similar arrangements with Latvia and Lithuania. The ice-bound ports of Russia no longer matter.

All these and half Poland is a pretty good bag for the Russians to pick up almost without firing a shot. Hitler may be sorry yet that he did not finish off the Poles himself which, with his avowed superiority, he could certainly have done. It is difficult to keep pace with Hitler's changing ideas over Poland. One moment Poland is to be a buffer state, the next there is to be no Poland, and by the latest news the buffer idea seems to have come back. Anyhow, Hitler and Stalin seem to be busy marking out a line of demarcation on the ground. One can picture them like the men painting the lines on the streets in London. I wonder if Stalin has provided a red flag at "each" end? I cannot think that when Hitler invited Stalin to give him a hand that he thought he would take all the above and leave him with half Poland and up against the full weight of France and England and all our Dominions, and also up against the Maginot Line.

He also has a Home Front to think about. It may be that his chief difficulties will lie there. He does not start the war with much money. He cannot pay for much from outside. It is evident that war with modern weapons is going to be much more costly than before. His people are only with him through terror. They will get hungry later. His navy and ships will soon be off the seas. He does not seem to be very well off for petroleum, coal, copper, nickel and tin from all accounts. He has not many friends, and must be losing friends daily by sinking their ships. In my opinion he is not on a good wicket at the moment.

Every day it looks more likely to become what we call "sticky" and one on which General Gamelin—like Verity—will pin him down to the defensive and then bowl him out. It looks very much, with winter coming on, that both sides will spend the next months in the shelter of these great lines. If so, the Allies certainly have the advantage as I understand there is no comparison between the two lines. His people at home will get tired and hungry long before ours do.

What is his alternative? To look for a way round through Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, or Switzerland? Anyhow, no movement of that kind can be done nowadays by surprise. The air has altered all that. You can no longer hide large land forces. After days of waiting, however, in the belief that Signor Mussolini, after Count Ciano's return, would issue some form of feeler for peace, it became evident that he was not taking on the difficult and thankless task, so we had to wait till Friday for Hitler's speech in the Reichstag, to which every German was ordered to listen.

The speech has, I think, deserved the comments which it has received. In no part did it ring true and in fact was a travesty of the truth from start to finish, and we hear to-day that Berlin is disappointed at the poor reception which it has received. It was a mixture of satisfaction and boasting over the defeat of Poland, including insults to the Polish soldiers, combined with the boon which he and his friend Stalin have conferred on the world by making east and south-east Europe happy for ever and Poland also.

His unparalleled patience and concern for the Poles seems to be well marked by the state of Warsaw to-day and to which his advertised triumphal entry appeared to fall rather flat. His statement that Germany and Russia are always happy when alongside each other is also rather flat and at any rate this remains to be seen. He then went on to say how Europe should and must be put in order at once, apparently on his lines. He has no quarrel with France and he himself has always wanted to be friends with England, but he still thinks that our 45,000,000 rule much too much and should certainly give him back his colonies. After which, as we have heard before, he wants nothing else.

His desire for disarmament turns up again. He hates bombing, poison gas, and submarines, and is evidently bothered by contraband control. We are also greatly interested to learn from his own lips that he has never broken a promise. Evidently a pact and a promise mean quite different things to Hitler. I thought the pact he made with Poland was for ten years. There must have been some error in his arithmetic over that.

We then get the usual threats, "anyone who opposes Germany opposes me," and that if we want war we can have it and that he is certain of victory as God is blessing his efforts, which seems a very ill-judged allusion. He makes no mention of the fact that France and Great Britain have already been at war with him for six weeks. Why? Because we have determined to end both Hitler and Hitlerism for the preservation of peace in the world, simply and solely because his word cannot be trusted. It has been tried once too often. He has had his chance. He preferred to plunge his nation and others into war and he now has to go through with it.

His views will be carefully examined, as the Prime Minister said, but the fact remains that we can only deal with a German Government whose word can be trusted, and that government cannot include Hitler. We have no quarrel with Germany, and only wish to be friends, and so do they. I do not know the exact definition of a patriot, but I think it must be a man who puts his country before himself.

If that is so, peace could be made to-morrow by Hitler resigning and letting us deal with a government whose word could be trusted, but he won't. He dare not. It would at once be his end and also the end of all our troubles. He is very emphatic that Poland can never rise again. That decision may not rest with him. He may in the end have to do what he is told. Mr. Menzies from Australia has asked him some difficult questions. His stock is not going up. He has failed to get what is called "a good press" from his speech. The neutrals are not too pleased at the loss of their ships. As I forecast last week he has not got much support from either General Franco or from Ismet Pasha.

I should like to have met the Turkish mission now in London, but memories are short. They are perhaps only there owing to my dealings with Ismet at Mudania when we avoided war with Turkey. It seems to me that next week must bring forth big developments.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN WAR CORRESPONDENTS FLY TO FRANCE

The first correspondents to be accredited to the British Forces in France left by air on Monday last. All wear officer's uniform, but without the usual distinguishing marks of rank. In this picture are seen the following well-known journalists—O. D. Gallagher (*Daily Express*), Tom Darlow (*Daily Herald*), J. L. Hodson (Allied Newspapers), R. N. Walling (Reuter's), W. Ford (Paramount), S. R. G. Bonnett (Gaumont British), G. Tebbutt (Australian Newspaper Services), W. M. Henry (Columbia Broadcasting Company), and F. Gervasi (*Collier's Magazine*)

ON CONSTANT DUTY AROUND BRITAIN'S COASTS

A moving impression from the bridge of one of our destroyers while on patrol duty. There is a constant watch for submarines, the Prime Minister was able to announce in the House during the third week of the war. Since his last statement to the House on the war at sea, the situation has been one of intense and continuous naval activity. The attacks had been made both by day and by night and the achievements of the anti-submarine campaign after a little over a fortnight of war have exceeded anything which the British Navy accomplished even over much longer periods in the last war. "The great difference between the last war and this one is that whereas in the last war we were on the defensive against the U-boat campaign we are now carrying out an offensive against the U-boats. It is frequently impossible to be certain after depth charges have been dropped that the submarine attacked has been destroyed. But there are occasionally quite unmistakable signs that the vessel has been holed and sunk"

FOR USE AGAINST THE ENEMY'S STRONGHOLDS

A Wellington heavy bomber returning to its base in the dawn light. The task of these great dreadnoughts of the air is no light one, but they are excellently equipped for their work

BRITISH BOMBERS FLYING AT 12,000 FEET

Another study of Wellington bombers streaking towards home. Two powerful engine nacelles are built into the wings. With their undercarriages retracted these bombers convey a wonderful impression of streamlined speed

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WITH THE FIGHTING FORCES AT HOME

Thousands of us are parcel carriers to-day—gas-masks, camouflaged helmets, and satchels without number

Above on left—**THE MOUNTED ARM IS A RARE BUT PLEASANT SIGHT**

This mounted infantryman is lucky enough to be able to sit astride good horseflesh. Carbine at his side, the moment may come when he can successfully use his added mobility

NOT WHAT A PEACE-TIME SALES MANAGER WOULD CONSIDER GOOD FOR WINDOW DISPLAY

The car with its netting and tags looks apologetic, as hundreds of pairs of eyes stream by

Below—**THE SON OF THE NAVY'S FIRST LORD LUNCHES ALFRESCO WITH BROTHER OFFICERS**

This is the kind of moment which makes soldiering a pleasurable affair. The officers are attached to one of the new mechanised units

TWO KILTED HIELANDMEN IN HAMPSHIRE

We wander far from the back parts of Mull these days but we keep our wit and our accent intact

TORPEDOED AND SUNK BY A GERMAN SUBMARINE, THE CREW OF THE "KAFIRISTAN" TAKE TO THE BOATS

A picture taken from the deck of the S.S. *American Farmer*, showing a lifeboat as it approached safety, bearing some of the thirty-five members of the crew of the *Kafiristan* which had been torpedoed and sunk by a German submarine. When the lifeboat shown here was launched by the sinking vessel, it was swamped, and six men were lost

ARMING THE

Another Phase of the Anti-Sub Placing of Guns on

MOUNTED IN VERY USEFUL FASHION ON A ROUND TABLE AT THE STERN

WHILE A U.S. FREIGHTER IS SEARCHED

When the first U.S. ship, the freighter *Wacosta*, was stopped by a U-boat in the Atlantic, the submarine rode about a ship's length away from the *Wacosta*, and was photographed as here shown

RESCUED BRITISH SAILORS GIVEN AID AFTER A MID-ATLANTIC SUBMARINE ATTACK

Food, cigarettes, and medical aid being given to the survivors of the *Kafiristan* after they had been picked up in mid-Atlantic

THE "REX" STILL CONTINUES SAILING

THE U-BOAT WHICH SANK THE CUNARD CARGO LINER "BOSNIA"

The crew were rescued by the Norwegian oil tanker, *Eidanger*. One of them took this snapshot of the submarine before the rescuing ship proceeded on her voyage

TO THE AID OF THE "ATHENIA" SURVIVORS

The U.S. coastguard cutter *Campbell* loading up with oil before sailing for Nova Scotia to bring back 220 survivors who were crammed on a freighter intended for a crew of 40

The effectiveness of arming our merchantmen in the last war is shown by the following figures given by Mr. Winston Churchill in The World Crisis *for the period January 1, 1916, to January 25, 1917:—*

MERCHANTMEN

marine Campaign Develops—the British Merchant Vessels

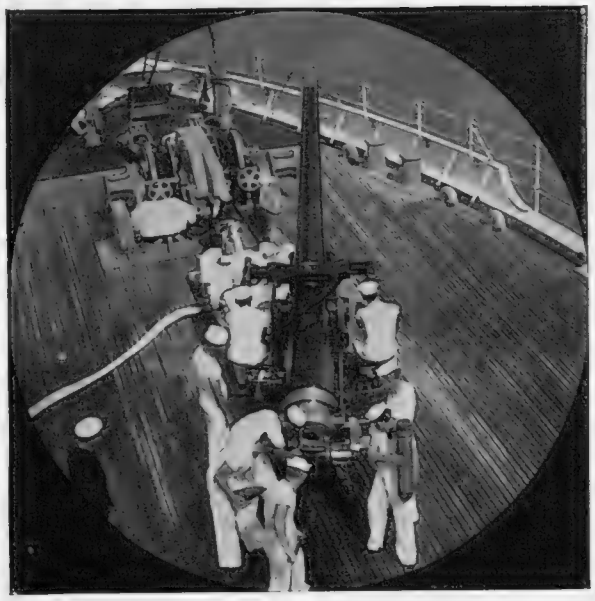
Here, on this highly specialised craft, the gun has a very wide sweep

The rumour that the Italian liner *Rex* was to lay up at Genoa was incorrect. She is continuing her usual schedule to New York

	Defensively armed ships	Unarmed ships
Number attacked - -	**310**	**302**
Sunk by torpedoes without warning - - -	62	30
Sunk by gun-fire or bombs	12	205
Total of last two -	74	235
Escaped - - -	236	67
Percentage escaped - -	76	22

THE "AQUITANIA'S" GUNS STRIPPED FOR ACTION

This aerial picture, taken 50 miles out to sea, shows the S.S. *Aquitania* speeding towards England. The ship sailed suddenly and without prior announcement from her New York pier. The two guns, stripped bare of the coverings they bore on the after deck while in New York, are indicated by arrows



SWINGING THE GUN ON BOARD THE U.S. COASTGUARD CUTTER "CHAMPLAIN"

She is the nucleus of a constant patrol of waters adjacent to the United States by navy and coastguard vessels

A FLAG PAINTED ON THE HATCH OF THE U.S. LINER S.S. "ROOSEVELT"

Before sailing for Europe the vessel had the Stars and Stripes painted on a hatch cover. *Below*—The liner *Manhattan* has had her name painted in big letters on her side

ONE OF THE EFFECTS OF BRITAIN'S ECONOMIC BLOCKADE OF GERMANY

In consequence of the various measures taken by the Governments concerned, trade with Germany along the Rhine is now practically at a standstill. The once mighty Rhine fleet of power-propelled barges is now laid up in Rotterdam docks (as seen above), and traffic on the river is almost at an end

A Note from History—With a Moral for To-day

NAPOLEON'S ATTEMPTS ON BRITAIN'S TRADE

When the Emperor Essayed to Cut Off Britain from Trade with the Continent, Just as Hitler To-day is Attempting to Cut Off the Economic Traffic Between the Scandinavian Countries and Britain

WHEN in August, 1805, Napoleon had to relinquish his fond hope of an invasion of England, due to his lack of ships, he led his Grand Army into Germany. A few months later he had defeated Austria at Austerlitz, but this glorious victory had been slightly dimmed by the earlier knowledge that Nelson had defeated the combined French and Spanish fleets at Trafalgar in October, and that all power on the sea had been lost to him. This, however, did not dismay the Emperor unduly, as he had little naval understanding and consistently maintained that "the sea must be subdued by the land."

Like so many of the dictums of totalitarian autocrats, this was a complete fallacy, for Trafalgar was the beginning of the pressure of the sea which finally ruined Napoleon. The British Navy quietly gathered all the French and Dutch colonies, and while nothing very spectacular occurred after Trafalgar, the pressure on Europe was, as Dr. Holland Rose writes, "gradual, cumulative, and resistless."

Triumphant over his enemies on land, Napoleon decided to crush England through her trade, and thereupon issued from Berlin in November, 1806, the decree which declared the blockade of Britain and originated what was known as the Continental System. All countries under his control were forbidden any commercial dealings with England. No ship was to be received at any port that had touched at any British port.

At this time Napoleon could enforce his orders upon France, Italy, Holland, Switzerland, and the Rhine Confederacy, which included all the greater states, such as Bavaria and Würtemberg, and the many smaller ones on the west of Germany. It was a bold stroke and for a time it hit Britain very hard, but it also had its repercussion upon the Continent. Holland, with her sea-bearing trade, was ruined.

Louis Bonaparte, who had been made King of Holland, and took his duties seriously, would not carry out the drastic orders of the system, but permitted ships to come and go. Napoleon was indignant—he expected his brothers raised to power solely through him to obey all dictates subserviently. Troops were sent to Amsterdam, whereat King Louis cast away the mockery of his kingdom and fled to Bohemia. Holland was annexed and had to bow to the decrees.

France had approved the Continental System, which kept out British goods, but she found herself badly hit, requiring constant bounties to keep many of her industries going.

By 1808, all Europe, except Sweden and Turkey, had come under Napoleon's heel, and all were obliged to enforce the Continental System—this meant that everyone was cut off from tea, coffee, sugar, cotton (except some inferior quality from the Levant) and wool. All the peoples groaned at the wretched substitutes—the acorn, flavoured with chicory, coffee; the tobacco made of any kind of leaf; and the miserable pretence of sugar—with his eager mind Napoleon, like his modern imitators, was bent upon making Europe self-sufficing, regardless of geographical difficulties.

He seized upon the then novel invention of getting sugar from the beetroot and at once started factories, but the results at that time were very poor. Honey could not be obtained in sufficient quantity, and grape syrup was a nasty, thick substance which everyone disliked.

Napoleon's brother Joseph, who had been made King of Naples, was ordered to bestir himself and see to the growing of cotton in Southern Italy. In curt language the Emperor admonished the minister in charge—"Adopt measures to arrive at this result." But in spite of all the efforts made, British cotton continued to arrive at various ports on the Continent, travelling up the Danube to Central Europe, and reaching the north through Sweden. The Lancashire cotton mills boomed, and the failure of self-sufficiency was evidenced when Napoleon, having peremptorily ordered 50,000 overcoats for an early campaign against Russia, could only get them supplied from England!

The goods brought at great risk were of necessity costly, and this added to the depth and volume of dislike for Napoleon. The Czar, Alexander, who had become an ally after the meeting of the two emperors at Tilsit, quietly evaded the commercial orders, and finally dropped the obligations of the Continental System, knowing full well that it meant war. When his reproaches to the Czar that he was ruining his great effort of many years to break England proved useless, Napoleon gathered the Grand Army at Dresden, an army composed of all his allies, which was to crush the audacity of Russia. The fate of that army is well known. "Of the 600,000 men who had proudly crossed the Niemen for the conquest of Russia, only 20,000 famished, frost-bitten, unarmed spectres staggered across the bridge of Kovno in the middle of December. The remainder of that mighty host rotted away in Russian prisons or lay at rest under nature's winding-sheet of snow."

Napoleon's complete lack of sympathy for the countries he dominated ("France above all" was his ruling principle) and the ever-increasing irritation at being cut off, by an arbitrary decree, from some of the necessities of life, drew the nations together, till they formed a combination he could not break, and finally led to his abdication.

With the French Army in the Saarbrücken Sector

Drawn by
FORTUNINO MATANIA
for "The Sphere"

The French army up in the northern section, in front of the Maginot Line, has been operating in a rich agricultural land overlooking the industrialised valley of the Saar. The army postman's arrival is here depicted. It is always a welcome moment, and letters are usually opened on the spot; others are taken away to be read in such privacy as one can get under active service conditions

WITH PIERRE VERGER BE

Scenes from the Region where Great Activity has
Obtained by Pierre Verger, whose Camera W

THE FRENCH ARMY IS FEEDING WELL: ONE STANDS ON OCCASION, BUT THE FOOD TASTES GOOD

FOOD HAS BEEN POURING ALONG THE WHOLE LINE FROM THE RHINE TO THE MOSELLE SINCE THE ACTIVE OPERATIONS BEGAN

Breaking a silence which had lasted for three weeks, French artillery began on September 25 the first bombardment of the German fortifications across the grey waters of the Rhine on the border of the Black Forest. The war on the Western Front was thus extended along the entire length of the Franco-German frontier on the Moselle and the Rhine. The new sector extends for more than 100 miles from Lauterbourg to the Swiss frontier close to Basle. Meanwhile, air battles which have taken place over the German lines have given full proof of the superior quality of the French machines.

French official military information takes the form of numbered communiqués. Here is No. 44 dating from this same period of extension of activity:—"Activity of our advance infantry elements continues to the east of the Saar. There has been strong enemy artillery action in the same region. In the course of aerial battles which took place on the front during yesterday our pursuit patrols were twice engaged with enemy air forces."

OTHER MEALS ARE TAKEN ON A CART—THE VERY W
DOWN WITH MONSIEUR AND MADAME IN THE

THE FRENCH ARMY DOES THINGS IN ITS OWN CHARACTERISTIC WAY: UNIFORMS ARE OFTEN UNORTHODOX, BUT THE EFFICIENCY IS THERE

EHIND THE FRENCH LINES

been Manifested throughout September. Pictures ork has Frequently Appeared in "The Sphere"

ISE ONES MANAGE TO SIT BARN BY THE COURTYARD

"LA SOUPE," SUCH A CHARACTERISTIC ITEM OF A FRENCH SOLDIER'S DIET, IS THE BEST MOMENT OF THE DAY

HERE AGAIN ALL KINDS OF COATS, TUNICS, AND CAPES ARE WORN BY THESE SOLDIERS AS THEY READ THEIR MAIL

THE SOVIET FOREIGN MINISTER SIGNS THE PACT FOR THE DEMARCATION OF POLAND

M. Molotov, the Soviet Foreign Minister, is here seen actually appending his signature to the German-Russian plan for the carve-up of Poland. Blandly smiling, Josef Stalin watches this latest piece of infamy, whilst von Ribbentrop, the German Foreign Minister, demonstrates the value he attaches to his own Anti-Comintern Pact

DEPARTURE FROM BERLIN

More hand-shaking between ex-enemies—von Ribbentrop being seen off from Berlin by Brigadier-General Bellakov, Soviet Military Attache in Berlin, as he left for Moscow to sign the Soviet-German Treaty of Friendship

—AND ARRIVAL IN MOSCOW

Ribbentrop arrives at the Central Airport and is greeted by "the Chief of Protocol of the People's Commissariat for Foreign Affairs" (whatever that may mean—it is taken from the Russian caption), N. Barkov

"THE HAND OF FRIENDSHIP"

Ribbentrop and Stalin here demonstrate how each can disregard past threats and utterances! In the past, each has been the other's sworn enemy

THE UNHOLY ALLIANCE

The Ribbentrop-Stalin Meeting in Moscow When the Carve-Up of Poland Between Nazi and Bolshevik Took Place

Following on their previous Non-Aggression Pact, on September 29 the Germans and Russians signed another Pact, carving up unhappy Poland between the two countries. And, for Germany, the man who signed this latest Unholy Alliance was Joachim von Ribbentrop, German Foreign Minister, the creator of the Anti-Comintern Pact and the chief organiser throughout his own country of anti-Bolshevik sentiment. How facile and unreliable are the political convictions of the ex-champagne salesman, Ribbentrop, this latest piece of German opportunism well displays!

HOLLAND, ANXIOUS but NEUTRAL

The Problems of a Neutral Nation

By ROY ELSTON

WHILST the sense of a great war in progress is less acute here than in 1914, the fear that Holland may be drawn into it is probably more widespread. In 1914 there was not much to choose between Belgian and Dutch territory as a gangway for the German armies. To-day the Belgian eastern frontier is sealed with concrete, and the Dutch has little more than barbed wire and detonated tree-trunks.

That is half the story. The other half is the threat from the Allied side—from perfidious Albion if you please. The alarmists argue this way: if England and France really want to get at the Germans (one section of Dutch opinion says we do not; says we are play-acting!), there is only one way open to them—the Dutch way. The propaganda which has made the Germans feel secure behind their *Westwal* has seeped across the Dutch frontier.

Being neutral gives the Dutchman the right to slam out at both sides. It is one of the few comforts left to him by the belligerent powers. After all, there are quite a number of things to make him feel sore.

Here are some of them: The ever-present fear of invasion I have already referred to. Dr. Goebbels said the other day that the Germans have not the slightest intention of invading Holland; but Goebbels is such a light-hearted fellow—you never know when he is joking. Mr. Chamberlain has also expressed the intention of the British Government to respect Dutch neutrality; but, as I am often reminded here, Mr. Chamberlain is the son of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Little Dutch children still sing rude songs about Joseph Chamberlain, who, their parents tell them, was the villain of the Boer War!

THE DUTCH ISSUE RATION CARDS TO ALL

All inhabitants of Holland — Dutch and aliens alike—now have ration cards. Here they are seen registering at a local centre

More to the point than past history or even present fears are the nasty facts of this war. The mobilisation of practically the entire Dutch man-power has had a grim effect upon the normal life of the country. Farms deserted except for women and old men; shops of the smaller kind closed altogether or run by the shopkeeper's anxious wife; professional practices, worked up by long years of effort and hardship, left to look after themselves—that is, to be lost; schools turned into barracks; factories working on skeleton staffs or obliged, in many cases, to dismiss remaining staff for lack of raw materials to work with—and consequent rapid increase in the unemployed.

Up to now we have not had to use the ration cards, and there is no immediate prospect of their being necessary. There is food enough in Holland. That is a blessing; for the Dutchman likes his food, and plenty of it. If the war goes on indefinitely, there may come a pinch, but the shortage experienced in the last war, when food riots were as frequent here as in the belligerent countries, is unlikely to recur.

Not food supplies, but trade is the chief cause of dissatisfaction. Before the war, over 40 per cent. of Dutch trade was directed to or from the countries now at war. Trade with Germany represented 18·7 per cent. of the total; with England, 15 per cent.; with France, 5·9 per cent.; with Poland, 1·8 per cent. These figures do not take into account the very large Dutch transit trade. Can the remaining 60 per cent. of the total be maintained?

At the moment, there continues to be a very large amount of trading with Germany. In view of the fact that the clearing arrangements between Holland and Germany show a big German deficit, you may wonder how the Dutchman expects to be paid for what he sells to his eastern neighbour. One answer was given to me by a Dutch merchant who imports largely from Germany. He tells me that he and other merchants are getting from Germany everything they want; and that their orders are executed in one third of the time it took before the outbreak of war.

If the war continues it is hardly likely that Germany will be able to keep up her present rate of exports to Holland. One supposes that imports will dwindle accordingly, and unless the Dutch trader can find markets elsewhere he is in for a bad time.

The SPANISH REFUGEE PROBLEM

A New Aspect of the Situation in France

By GEORGES CLARRIÈRE

WITH the coming of this present great war, the problem of the Spanish refugees in France may be seen, and perhaps realised, in a new light. Towards the close of hostilities in Spain, when it was clear that the Spanish Republic could not hold out against Franco, Señor Companys, President of the Generality of Catalonia, is reported to have observed at the last meeting of "intellectuals" at the Academy of Literature and Arts at Barcelona: "If France and England do not now come to the help of our democratic republic and save Spain from a system of totalitarian dictatorship, their time to suffer will eventually come; and they will be forced into war with Germany, whose masters think themselves already strong enough to dominate and control Europe, and destroy democracy everywhere. Such a war will be the sign of the coming of a counter-revolution in Spain, and this time, rid of outside help against us, and effective Communist evil within, we shall win; and the Spanish Democratic Republican Government will once again govern and protect its own people."

Whether Señor Companys actually uttered these words or whether they are extracted from the report of this memorable meeting at the Bellas Artes is not quite certain; but, in any case, at least a part of the prophecy has come true. What was considered by Spanish Republicans as surely on its way at the time when their democracy was crushed—that is to say the coming of the present great war—explains why, holding that hope which they have never for a moment abandoned, the refugees in France have so long and so patiently borne their exile.

Most people when they think or speak of Spanish refugees in France think only of the men confined in concentration camps at Le Barcares and elsewhere, about which full details have many times been given. They ignore the fact that refugees — not merely ex-fighting men but whole families—are almost everywhere in France excepting in the north and east.

They do not know that for the hundreds (or say thousands) who "throw up the sponge" and, truly ignorant of facts, or unwilling or unable to believe them when told, return to Spain, as many quietly cross the frontier from that side.

They think that there is peace in Spain, not realising that Franco rules as does Hitler—by the aid of secret police and concentration camps. Least of all do they know anything of the "intellectual" refugees of Republican Spain, which is a name given to leaders of thought in all branches of science and art. During the Spanish hostilities, thousands of professional scientists, doctors of medicine, surgeons, historians, rectors of colleges, and a host of men engaged in journalism, literature and fine and applied arts—especially in Madrid and in the north of Spain—were either killed in fighting, or deliberately put to death.

Amongst those who were lucky enough to escape the debacle were those who have ever since (with few exceptions) been living quietly in France, perhaps more especially in Narbonne. Sad to say, they are a mere handful; mostly literary men and artists. There are a few scientists specially privileged to live at Montpellier, Beziers, Toulouse, Montauban and elsewhere. Alas, the majority of "intellectuals" of Republican Spain are either lost to useful service (by reason of their state of health and living, coupled with age), or they are dead.

It would hardly be politic to give the names of those, counted amongst the "intellectuals," who once holding important positions in the late Spanish Republican Government, are now refugees in Narbonne.

The National Joint Committee for Spanish Relief (a British organisation) looks after the welfare of "intellectuals" at Narbonne, in a large and comfortable house surrounded by ample gardens. Here one may see artists at work and authors writing and studying. There is a house magazine, which, doubtless, will find its way to a Barcelona museum one day. It contains designs so fine that one would think that they were printed, whilst its pages are perfectly typed. Just a few from Narbonne have been granted liberty, and are housed, under guarantee, by people of importance in Paris and London. Otherwise, excepting on special passes, these refugees are not allowed to leave the town of Narbonne.

How long this state of things is going to last one cannot say; but if the sign of the times, as described above, is to be believed, a change may be anticipated within the next few months. There has been talk about the possibility of the Spanish Republican military refugees joining the French army, or of their forming a battalion to fight with the French forces, under French command. There is no reason why they should not—only that their faces are looking the other way.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT

Spanish (Catalan) refugees on the road near Collioure, in the French Pyrenees, where they are interned

The GERMAN SUBMARINE MENACE

Some Interesting Facts on U-boat Warfare

By EDWIN H. JUDD

THE German submarine, or U-boat, menace of this war starts on a somewhat different footing from that of the 1914-18 war, especially if looked at from the time that unrestricted warfare started in both cases.

For the first nine months of the great war the number of German submarines in active service was round about 25, and the losses to our merchant shipping not serious. In the spring of 1915 the number of U-boats in service jumped to between forty and fifty, and the total Allied and neutral shipping tonnage sunk increased from a maximum month of 75,000 tons to 170,000. The spring months of 1916 showed a rapid and steady increase in the number of U-boats operating, and during the month of August of that year they numbered over 70 and sank 315,000 tons.

On February 1, 1917, the wild men got their way, and unrestricted warfare began. With some 140 U-boats in service the British shipping losses were 255,000 tons out of a total 470,000 of Allied and neutral. The peak point was reached in April, when 850,000 tons was sent to the bottom, of which the British share was 515,000 tons. At the end of May only some 6,000,000 tons of British shipping was left out of about 12,000,000 tons suitable for overseas traffic. The average monthly loss for the three months of April, May and June was 409,000 tons of our own vessels.

Faced with this desperate situation, which the use of mines, nets, depth charges and other means failed to overcome, the convoy system was introduced in spite of much opposition in both naval and government circles. The success was, however, almost immediately apparent.

Within two months the sinkings reduced rapidly, while the number of ships safely convoyed rose higher and higher. In December, 1917, 950 ships were taken across the oceans, and in September, 1918, nearly 1,400 were thus safely transported. Out of a total of about 16,500 vessels convoyed across the Atlantic only 102 were sunk, that is six out of each thousand.

Added to this, our shipyards brought new tonnage into service at a rate of 200,000 tons a quarter, increasing latterly to over 400,000 tons. During the fatal second quarter of 1917 new shipping tonnage represented only 18½ per cent. of that sunk; in the fourth quarter this rose to 58 per cent.; while during the third quarter of 1918 it had reached 78 per cent. of the losses.

The relation between U-boats in service and those sunk as during September of the following years is given below.

Period	U-boats in service	U-boats sunk	Per cent.
September 1914	24	—	—
1915	46	2	4·3
1916	80	1	1·25
1917	140	13	9
1918	127	7	5·5
1939	70 (Estd.)	7	10

Total U-boats destroyed by British Navy 1914–18 were 175.

Comparing the first month of the present war with the first month and the peak month of the former unrestricted U-boat attacks, the average tonnages sunk for each boat in service and for each one sunk are as follows:—

	Period		
	Feb. 1917	Apr. 1917	Sept. 1939
U-boats in service	110	127	70 (abt.)
British tonnage sunk	255,000	515,000	150,000 (abt.)
U-boats sunk	4	1	7
Percentage of total in service	3·65	0·8	10
Tonnage sunk per U-boat	2,300	4,050	2,050
Tonnage sunk per U-boat sunk	54,000	515,000	21,000

WOMEN RISE TO THE

THE NEW MILKMAIDS ARE TAKING ON RURAL WORK WITH ZEST

These milkmaids are working at Plumpton Agricultural College as recruits to the Women's Land Army. Some of them come from London stores

SMELLY WORK, BUT IT HAS TO BE DONE, AND IT IS DONE

THE ONION, WHICH RAISES ONE'S PHYSICAL STRENGTH BUT LOWERS ONE'S SOCIAL STATUS, CAUSES TEARS

A merry moment with the new Army cooks at an Army cookery school in thesouth of England

FLAG-WAGGING ACROSS THE WATERS OF THE RIVER

The Sea Ranger girls play a vigorous part as members of the River Emergency Service. They are expert at resuscitation work

OCCASION and Undertake All and Every Kind of Work

Trainees, who come from all walks of life (including commercial artists, portrait painters, dressmakers, telephonists, shop girls, stenographers, etc.), are given a month's training at the South-eastern Agricultural College at Wye, Kent. Some of them are now discovering that farm work often has malodorous moments

LAND ARMY WORKERS CARRY THE MILK PAILS TO THE DAIRY

At the Cheshire School of Agriculture these women learn all classes of farm work from feeding pigs to milking the cows. Their ranks include a mayoress and a London actress

WOMAN JOCKEY AS A.R.P. WORKER WITH HER TWO SISTERS

Miss Ida Croxon, of Northolt, the well-known rider, has, with her two sisters, joined the local A.R.P. organisation. All three girls are ambulance drivers. (Left to right) Ida, with her sisters, Brenda and Stella

LEAVING FOR SOMEWHERE IN THE COUNTRY, THESE NURSES FIND STANDING ROOM ONLY

These cheery Greenwich nurses are seen leaving to take up hospital work at a new location in the country

THE WOMEN TRANSPORT DRIVERS MANAGE SERVICE LORRIES

One gets used to anything, and handling a big Army Service Corps lorry doesn't seem to worry this particular driver or her companion

From PEACE to WAR on the RAILWAYS

How the Great Change-over was Effected with Incredible Smoothness and Success

Described by
NOEL THOMPSON

IT was less than a year ago, December 24 to be exact, that I was writing in THE SPHERE an article putting forward the rival claims for a Square Deal made by the Railway Companies Association and the British Road Federation. Just about that time a committee under the chairmanship of Sir Ralph Wedgwood, the Railway Executive Committee, were quietly, almost secretly, working out in conjunction with the Ministry of Transport the complete plans for the taking over of the railways by the Ministry in time of war. The public knew nothing about this.

But now the public sees some of the results, the lack of restaurant cars, the blacked-out carriages, the reduced services and slower transport, and has begun to wonder what it is all about, and to complain.

As a result of my investigations of the past week I hope to prove that not only were these changes inevitable, but that as a result of them the railways have carried out in the first five weeks of war a vast change-over with incredible smoothness and success. I have it officially that the transportation of troops, equipment, etc., to France has been without a single hitch, and officialdom has showered its congratulations on the railways.

Now, what was the great change-over? In brief it was from the principle that passenger transport must always come first to the exact opposite, that now *freight* traffic is paramount.

At the time of the Rail v. Road controversy, the arguments given me were, "The railways are too rigid in time of war," and to the contrary, "Is there any other form of transport that can evacuate millions from the great cities in forty-eight hours?" and, "While there is unlimited coal, how much petrol is there going to be to spare?"

Well, the railways managed the evacuation with complete success, and though road transport played its part here, and in the transport of goods, the petrol situation has become serious now. As for rigidity, the railways have suddenly found remarkable fluidity.

The actual figures for the evacuation show that in three days rather more than 1,300,000 children, mothers, blind people, cripples and invalids were transported. There were 1,500 special trains from London alone, and, of course, all this movement had to be carried out in daylight. There could be no arriving at destinations in the dark.

In time of peace the railways convey 254,000,000 tons of freight a year, in trains which cover an aggregate of 133,440,000 miles, drawing 1,250,000 trucks and conveyors. *Seven hundred express freight trains run nightly.*

Owing to the black-out these nightly freight trains are handicapped. The shunting and marshalling centres have to work most by daytime, so that the trains, too, must run in daylight and be sandwiched in between the ordinary regular freight and passenger services, and this on lines which are already used to a greater extent and by a more frequent service than any railway lines throughout the world.

Those last few facts will, I think, explain why freight, with its valuable loads of essential materials, foodstuffs, A.R.P. necessities, and the raw goods to keep our factories at full pressure, has taken precedence over passengers. It does not explain, however, why there should be only one trolley buffet on the station to a long train, or why station buffets should close an hour early on some night journeys.

The freight trains are slower, which means the expresses have to travel slower. This means longer journeys, but also the expresses, less dining cars, can also take freight, and deliver mails and newspapers. Again, the freight trains now have to deal with a re-distribution of population. Here side lines, formerly little used, have now become almost as busy as main lines.

Well, that is one side of the picture, and no one can quibble with the fact that Army, Air Force and Navy demands must have precedence. When we come to consider the size of the scheme, with schedules completely revised throughout the country, it is obvious that a great job of work has been done without too much fuss. And there have been no accidents.

And here is good news. The railways are anxious to restore the cheap fares and excursion tickets as soon as they can, and they will do so. But there will be a proviso that they may be cancelled without notice if Government requirements should suddenly necessitate it.

Well, what else have the railways been doing in war-time, and in war preparation? A number of ambulance trains for use at home and overseas are now nearly ready. Some are completed, others are in process of assembly, and the work, in order to speed it up, has been divided between seven different railway workshops in various parts of the country.

I hope to make a point of seeing one of these completed trains in the near future. The trained staffs of nurses and doctors are ready; there are wards for mental, stretcher, or sitting-up cases. Some carriages will be fitted as travelling chemist's shops, others isolated for infectious diseases, and, of course, there are kitchens.

Other trains are ready for evacuation purposes in the event of air raids, with plans to go direct to hospitals in safe areas. These are for injured civilians under the care of medical authorities.

Some of the world's greatest art treasures found their way to safety by train—pictures, statuary, manuscripts, gems—during the last week of August and the first in September. It is curious how little has been known about this. Few people saw them go, fewer still knew their exact destination. They passed through the London termini in ordinary packing cases and on to the trains. But one train, laden with works of particular value, had a railway inspector on the foot-board. The train must never travel at more than 20 m.p.h. Pictures from the National Gallery went by rail because of the smoothness. There was trouble with three of the giant masterpieces. When packed in their special cases they were too high to go through the tunnels, and naturally too broad to lie flat. The problem was solved by a matter of inches. By allowing them to be wedged, tilting sideways, in separate trucks just sufficient clearance was possible.

I have not dealt with the question of dock activities, because that would be an unwise subject, but the railways are also the biggest owners of docks in the world. They have not been idle.

I hope that this review will help passengers to take conditions more cheerfully; even though it is humiliating to feel less important than freight, it is true.

Finally, I would like to quote a conversation I had with the grizzled old railwayman who came to call for two heavy trunks. He whistled as he humped the first on his shoulders down two flights of stairs. Over a glass of beer while he waited to recover his breath I asked him if he was busy.

"It's like this, sir," he answered. "They retired me two years ago. My old hosses, Jess and Jim, went down to the country. A week ago I got a note. 'God bless Hitler,' I remarked, and my wife said, 'What!' 'I've been called up. National service,' says I proudly. 'A grey-haired old something like you; they ought to be ashamed of themselves.'

"Well, she laughs when I tell her I has to report at the station yard next morning, and I'm there at crack of dawn. There are Jess and Jim and a bloke trying to harness them and they won't move. I just walks over and as soon as they sees me they're like a couple of kittens.

"Work? They'll do double duty and never notice it. I haven't been so happy for months. They can find their way in the dark like, what are they, lynxes, sir. The railways have plenty of work for me, Jess, and Jim."

Then he looked at me anxiously.

"You haven't got a couple of lumps of sugar to spare, have you, sir? It's a bit scarce, and they're as bad as me for liking a refresher. Thank you, sir."

That is a lighter side of war and the railways.

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED TO POLAND'S "TUBES"

The underground railway in this picture was obviously only a few feet below the street surface, with the result that enemy bombers were able to do vast damage. Britain's tube railway systems, it need hardly be pointed out, are real "underground railways," sunk in many cases hundreds of feet below the earth—so that scenes like this are not likely to be witnessed here

THE PLIGHT OF A NATION

The Polish Exodus into Rumania Before the Advance of the Germans and Russians

THE LONG, LONG TREK OVER THE POLISH BORDER

Across the flat plains tramped the tattered remnants of the once proud nation. With a few valuables, hastily packed and slung over their shoulders, these battered Poles slogged on foot to the Rumanian frontier—and peace at long last after their sufferings

THE AGONY OF WARSAW AFTER ITS HEROIC RESISTANCE

Vast numbers of the citizens of Warsaw were killed and injured by the rain of German bombs and shells which fell during the fourteen days of siege. Half the city was laid in ruins; and here we see an injured child (on left) receiving attention after a bombing raid

ONE OF POLAND'S LIVING DEAD

A picture of hopeless despair, and the typification of the tragedy of Poland. This woman's family was wiped out, everything she possessed had gone, and the future held what. . . ?

A POLISH REFUGEE TRAIN ARRIVES AT CERNAUTI, IN RUMANIA

Filled with army and civilian refugees from Poland, this train had been bombed repeatedly by German aviators during its journey to the frontier. It is here shown after its arrival at the station in Cernauti

DISARMED AND WITHOUT A COUNTRY

A group of rugged-looking Polish soldiers pictured in a Rumanian village street after their arrival from beyond the Polish borders

On left—
A group of Polish officers and men in a street in Cernauti, on their way to report to the Polish Consul on Rumanian soil

On right—
Polish peasants who remain, surveying the ruins of their village—and wondering what the future holds in store for them under the German and Russian yoke

THE PLAY GOES ON

And Soon We May Have London's Theatrical Life in Full Swing Again

THE Sadler's Wells Company have started successfully if tentatively their one-afternoon-a-week opera season. *Faust* is not my favourite work, even when given at Covent Garden in peace-time under the grandest possible conditions. But it was pleasant to hear some sort of opera again, performed a good deal more than merely adequately, and to do one's best to give encouragement and support to a very plucky enterprise.

The person who came off worst on this occasion was the late M. Gounod, who was content to make just a pretty-pretty sentimental thing of the German legend, which, if one may judge from his musical treatment of it, he never even began to understand. In present circumstances, however, it may be more tactful to emphasise the fact that his tunes really are quite pretty in their way, and to leave it at that. They need some full-blooded romantic singing, and this they received from Mr. Tudor Davies (Faust), Mr. Roderick Lloyd (Siebel) and, above all, from Miss Joan Cross (Marguerite), a soprano who need fear no rival in any opera house in Europe—not that there are many opera houses in Europe which matter much just now.

"The Soldiers' Chorus," though reduced in numbers, was sung with topical martial vigour. If the marching songs of the present trouble have not swinging melodies as this, they have more sensible words. I cannot imagine the lads in khaki or in any other sort of uniform singing such gibberish as "Glory and love to the men of old,

Our sons must copy their virtues bold," etc.

Perhaps there might be a happier translation, but this one is hallowed by long-established tradition.

Mr. Lawrence Collingwood conducted a smooth and generally efficient performance, with one orchestral novelty. Never before had I heard *Faust* given with only one flute. Half a loaf may be better than no bread, but in opera two flutes are distinctly better than one.

SHOWS TO SEE IN LONDON

OPERA.—**Sadler's Wells.** Season of Saturday matinees. (October 14—*Marriage of Figaro*).

THEATRES.—**Comedy.** *Tony Draws a Horse.* Matinees.
Little. "Little Non-stop." 1.15 p.m. to 6.15 p.m.
Streatham Hill. "Old Vic Season." Evenings 7 p.m.
Victoria Palace. *Me and My Girl.* Two afternoon performances.
Westminster. *Abraham Lincoln.* At 7.30 p.m.

CINEMAS.—**Odeon.** Leicester Square. *Man in the Iron Mask.* 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.
Regal. Marble Arch. *Black Eyes.* 12.30 p.m. to 10 p.m.
Leicester Square. *When Tomorrow Comes.*

"Romeo and Juliet."—Not the least among the many eulogies I would wish to apply to Mr. Robert Donat's Romeo is that I found it worth the journey to Streatham. Not that Streatham is not a most pleasant place; nor, in normal times, is the journey a formidable one. But the pilgrimage thither through the very blackest of black-outs and with one's safety entirely in the hands of a driver with but the vaguest notion as to where Streatham was, let alone Streatham Hill Theatre, was not too funny, and it needed considerable compensation (as did the taxi-man, in the financial sense) at the end of it. This was forthcoming, for the performance of *Romeo and Juliet* by the Old Vic Company, temporarily ousted from the New Cut, could hardly have been better, save in the important matter of audibility.

Probably many of the players were forgetful of the fact that the Streatham Hill Theatre is considerably larger than the Old Vic. This led to several "black-out" passages, one of the worst offenders being the actor entrusted with one of the most important parts. A pity, since his performance *looked* to me to be good. It is not Mr. Donat himself that I have in mind; his Romeo was as inspiring to hear as he himself is handsome to behold.

Juliet is a new line of country for Miss Constance Cummings, but she is so excellent and experienced an actress that I never doubted that she would make good—and then some, as her fellow Americans might put it. I cannot understand why, by the way, there should have been certain reservations about her American accent. It is slight, and I found it charming. But why should the question of accent be raised at all? Plenty of distinguished American actresses since the days of Ada Rehan (and before that) have played Shakespeare in London, and I trust plenty more will continue to do so. Besides, if one must be so meticulous, can we be sure that the accent of the original Juliet (a boy, of course) was more distant from that of Miss Cummings than from the accents of, say, Mr. John Gielgud and Miss Peggy Ashcroft?

PHILIP PAGE

DO THE PUBLIC WANT THE THEATRE?

Despite the war, "black-outs," restricted train services, and other discomforts, the public still flock to places of entertainment in London. In fact, at Sadler's Wells—and elsewhere—queues of pre-war magnitude are witnessed whenever a performance is given. These two pictures show scenes at Clerkenwell when the Sadler's Wells Theatre re-opened a few days ago for opera in English: the *above* picture shows the queue for an afternoon performance of *Faust*; and the one *on the right* shows Miss Joan Cross (who took the role of Marguerite and who is, incidentally, a war-time Red Cross worker) fixing the home-made poster which announced the re-opening of the famous theatre for its first performance

THE OLD VIC COMPANY OPENS IN "ROMEO AND JULIET" AT STREATHAM

Now that the West End is no longer the gay place it once was (and will be again when this little rumpus is over!) the suburbs have come into their own. At Streatham Hill Theatre, the Old Vic Company—headed by Mr. Robert Donat and Miss Constance Cummings—is giving a rendering of *Romeo and Juliet*. These two pictures show scenes from the play—the one *on the left* shows the "Street Scene in Verona," with the Prince of Verona arriving to restore order between the rival Montagues and Capulets; and the picture *on the right* shows Mercutio chipping Romeo (Mr. Donat—on right) over his love for Juliet

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THE WAR IN THE AIR—Week by Week

A War-time Commentary by Britain's Foremost Authority on Air Power, CHARLES G. GREY

(formerly Editor of *The Aeroplane*)

A REVIEW of the war in the air up to the end of last week does not disclose any new or unexpected developments, but official communiqués and the stories which have been released by the much-criticised Ministry of Information have given us some interesting facts by which we can compare the opening of this war and the end of the last war in 1918.

In those days the speed of a single-seater was roughly 150 m.p.h. Modern fighters have a speed of anything over 300 m.p.h. and some of them are much nearer 400 m.p.h. Long-range bombers in 1918 travelled at anything between 90 m.p.h. and 100 m.p.h., with luck, which meant that against a 40 m.p.h. wind their speed dropped to between 50 and 60 m.p.h. over the ground. Modern bombers travel at anything between 200 and 250 m.p.h., so that even against strong head winds their speed is quite high. In 1918 the load which a big bomber carried for a long journey was measured in hundreds of pounds; to-day bomb-loads are measured in tons. These figures are necessarily given roughly to include varying types of aeroplanes.

During 1918 we in this country built the big four-engined Handley Page bombers for the special purpose of bombing Berlin, starting from the east coast of England. They could certainly have reached that city, but there was considerable doubt about whether they would have been able to get home again, though probably they could have got back to France. To-day we know that certain of our aeroplanes went to Berlin and back. Presumably they did not carry a full load of bombs, but there is no reason to doubt that there are several types of bombers which could carry a worth-while load of bombs for that distance.

There are other factors also of considerable importance which affect the personnel of the Air Forces of the belligerent nations, especially morally. One is the reliability of modern aeroplanes compared with those of twenty years ago.

Not long after the war of 1914–18, a German pilot, discussing technical affairs with a British pilot, remarked that the Germans could always trust their engines not to let them down but, because of the shortage of materials, they were always afraid that the aeroplanes themselves might break. He added that, on the other hand, although British aeroplanes were trustworthy, British engines were unreliable.

To-day the state of affairs is very different. British aeroplanes are admittedly the best in the world, and our engines are not only as powerful as any others, but they are generally considered to be more reliable. The fact that he can trust his engine not to let him down is bound to have a powerful moral effect on any war-pilot and his crew.

We know that the Germans have immensely powerful engines, as is shown by the fact that they hold so many records for speed and distance and weight-carrying, which means bomb loads. But the general opinion before the war was that German engines were not so dependable as ours. French engines, which up to a year or so ago were regarded as unreliable, are known to have improved very much.

One of the most important developments since 1918 has been the perfection of the parachute. Throughout the Great War if an aeroplane were badly damaged or if it were set on fire, the pilot and his passengers were dead men. Now, unless a man is so badly wounded that he cannot get clear of his machine he has an odds-on chance of escaping with his life.

The moral effect of having this lifebuoy of the air, as one might call it, is obvious. A man will go into a fight much more cheerfully, and take greater risks on a bomb raid, if he knows that he has a sporting chance of getting away in a parachute than he would if he had no such chance.

The direct result of having a parachute is bound to be a great improvement in the war nerves of the flying personnel. There certainly were men in 1914–18 who, because of some peculiarity in their make-up, managed to keep on flying and fighting for as much as twelve months on end, but the average pilot had to be sent home for a rest after two or three months of fighting flying. And of those who exceeded this average, many were unfit thereafter for anything other than instructional flying or ground work. In Spain, which was the nearest thing to modern air war that we have had, pilots were shot down over and over again and took to their parachutes and afterwards went on flying without loss of nerve.

To a minor degree a similar aid to the nerves of a war flyer is given by the little india-rubber collapsible boat which is carried by flying-boats and aeroplanes which have to fly long distances over water.

Against that, gun-power has increased. In 1918 fighters carried two guns firing forward through the air-screw. Modern fighters carry from six to eight guns. In 1918 the French were experimenting with a small shell-firing gun which they called a cannon. That type of gun has now been improved and is used by several nations. Also the rate of fire from modern machine-guns is very much higher than it was in 1918.

But against that again is the fact that modern aeroplanes can fly so much faster that in spite of the increased gun power the pilot of the machine which is attacked probably has a better chance of escaping being hit, and aeroplanes which carry a crew of more than one have better defensive armament.

Naturally there are many other technical improvements, some of which are to the advantage of the attacker and some to the advantage of the attacked, but discussing them here would be out of place.

Bearing all these facts in mind, the opening stages of this war in the air have been curiously like some of the early operations in the last war. Incidentally, I rather hesitate to use the phrase "last war," because when one looks back on the history of the Royal Air Force one finds that it has never been at peace since the Royal Naval Air Service and the Royal Flying Corps went to war in 1914. There have been continual wars on the North-West Frontier of India. We have had air action off and on year by year with one part of Arabia or another, including Palestine. And we have had various little operations in Africa.

Although they did not force our aviators to run any grave risks of being shot down, they involved many climatic and geographic hardships. The result is that our Royal Air Force, more than any other Air Force in the world, has a high percentage of officers and men who, although they were too young for the war of 1914–18, are none the less seasoned pilots.

The first action in this war, the raid on the Kiel Canal and warships in its vicinity, was curiously like that gallant little raid on Christmas Day, 1914, when some of the elementary seaplanes of the period were loaded on to three cross-Channel steamers which had been commandeered for the purpose, were sent up to the North Sea and lowered overside, took off from the water, and dropped small bombs without doing much harm on the German naval bases at Wilhelmshaven and Cuxhaven, but this time instead of having to ship our aeroplanes to a point near their target, our raiders flew right across the North Sea, and most of them got back again. The various skirmishes between aeroplanes and warships, as, for example, the attack by some twenty German seaplanes on the Home Fleet in the North Sea, and our raid on the German warships in the Heligoland Bight can hardly be taken seriously by either Air Force. None of the big warships was put out of action, and, so far as has been made known, no torpedoes were dropped by aeroplanes in either action.

The naval authorities of all nations seem to be fairly sure that a warship cannot be sunk or even put out of action by the dropping of bombs on her decks. The general opinion among people who have studied the use of aeroplanes in attacking big ships is that to sink a modern battleship anything between fifty and a hundred aeroplanes would be needed, and they would have to work together on a properly-devised plan.

About the most notable performance which has been made known officially is that flight to Berlin and back which I have already mentioned. Simple people have asked me what good it can have done. I think that the answer is that it proves the accuracy of the navigation of our aeroplanes. Also it has given some of our pilots and their crews useful experience of flying over hostile territory, and probably the most valuable of all its effects is that it has shown the people in western Germany that our aeroplanes can fly over them at will. I do not know whether the German populace have been brought up on that uncomfortable doctrine which has been preached so often in this country, that the bombers will always get through. But it must have impressed on the people in Germany, that is if they knew that these were British bombers, that our bombers stand an excellent chance of getting through if and when we are forced to do more serious bombing of military objectives.

The dropping of leaflets must have impressed on the German people that if we can drop leaflets we can also drop bombs. Whether those leaflets were ever picked up and read will never be known. Any German would be exceedingly unwise to be seen reading them and anybody who was found with a leaflet on him would probably get into serious trouble.

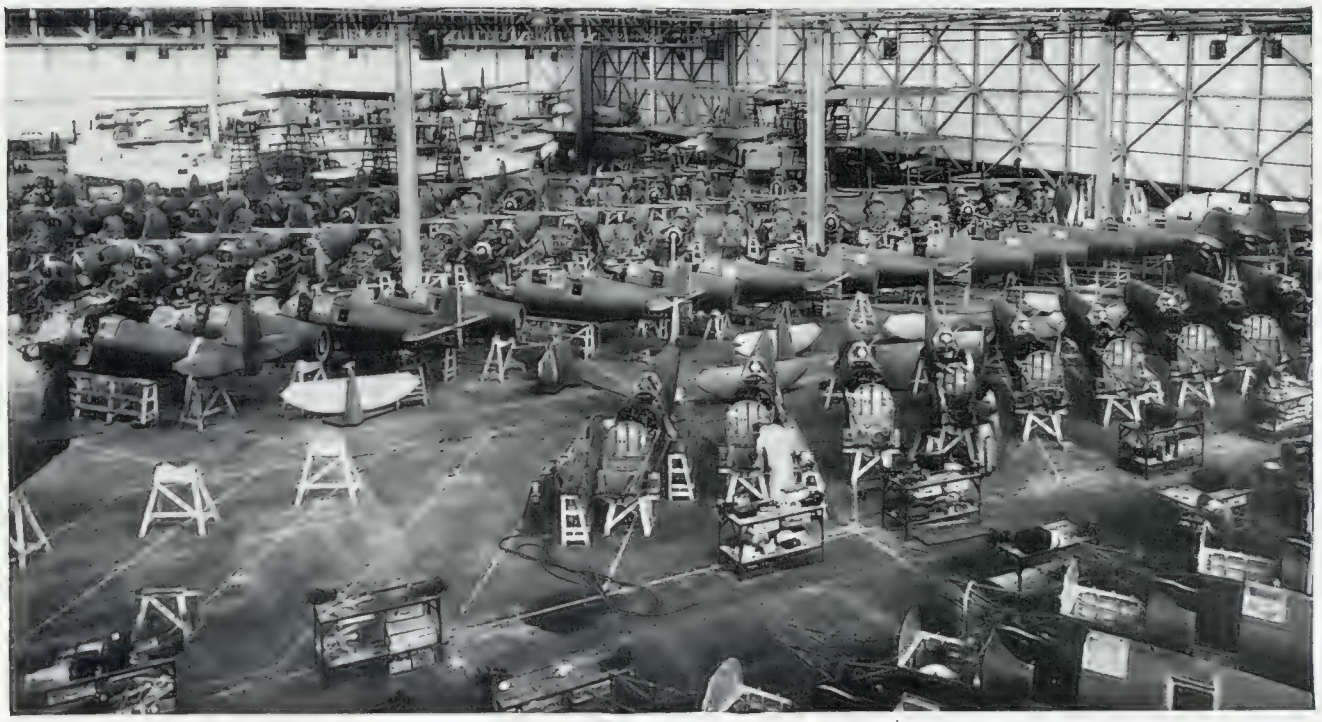
A friend of mine who has had a lot of experience of war suggested that we should have done a lot better if we had only printed on those leaflets some appropriate phrase of a few words in very big print, so that any man, woman or child could have picked one up, read the message at a glance and indignantly cast it from them just in case a policeman or some officious person happened to see them.

According to report, some R.A.F. machines—three, we are told—met two German flying-boats over the North Sea some time last week-end. They brought down one of the Germans and the other one wisely made for home. The R.A.F. machines directed ships to the rescue of the crew of the brought-down machine who were clinging to the wreckage. Two of the British aeroplanes were hit but not materially damaged.

This recalls similar incidents, although by different methods, of the last war. Our big, twin-engined flying-boats used to patrol from Felixstowe and Yarmouth right up to the Heligoland Bight. Their worst enemy was a certain Captain Christiansen who, generally accompanied by two or three other single-seaters on floats, used to fly out into the middle of the North Sea, in reasonable weather, and sit on the water, thus saving petrol, until one of our flying-boats came along. Then there used to be a battle between the single-gun single-seaters and the flying-boat, which carried a gunner aft as well as forward. Honours were fairly even during the latter part of the war.

On one occasion Christiansen alighted on the water alongside the boat he had shot down and expressed to the skipper his regret at being obliged to attack him. Another of his victims—who was rescued by a destroyer—became firm friends with his enemy until the present war started.

At the outbreak of war Captain Christiansen was the General commanding the N.S.F.K. (The National Socialist Flying Corps) which corresponded fairly closely to our R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve. In July he was one of the chief hosts at the great International Flying Meeting at Frankfurt-on-Main, when some 150 foreign aviators (of whom nearly 100 were British) were entertained in a most sporting way for three days by the Aero Club von Deutschland.



BRITAIN'S MIGHT FOR THE DEFENCE OF FREEDOM AND ABOLITION OF HITLERISM

This striking picture, taken a few days ago at an aircraft establishment "somewhere in England," shows a large number of "Spitfire" fighters in course of construction. These machines, each powered with a supercharged Rolls-Royce engine, are the fastest single-engined fighting aeroplanes in service to-day

THE CHESSBOARD OF THE NORTH SEA: THE VULNERABILITY OF GERMANY'S NORTH SEA COAST-LINE AND THE DANGER TO DENMARK'S SHIPPING

This overhead view has been The Ems, the Weser, and the Elbe Cuxhaven, Bremerhaven, Bruns- lies Denmark whose shipping is would cut out the danger of the

BREMEN, THE POPULOUS WESTERN PORT OF GERMANY

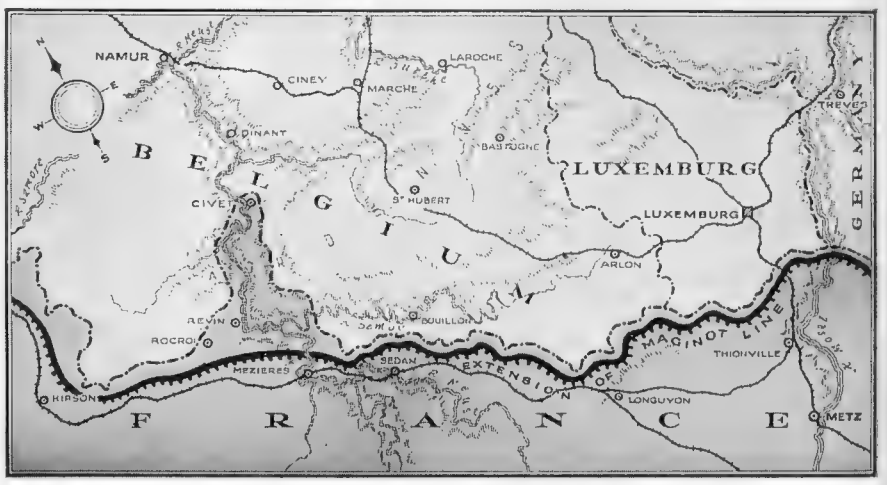
This aerial view shows in the centre the old town, pear-shaped and bordered by the Lower Weser. Bridges connecting with the newer parts of the city are also shown

The ever fluctuating situation in Europe was vividly concerned last week-end with the small Baltic States. First, representatives from Estonia, then Latvia, had to pay visits to Moscow and return with what grace they could to their respective capitals after having agreed to concessions of territory and military rights to their huge neighbour. Latvia accepted from Russia a pact of mutual assistance on the lines of that recently signed between Russia and Estonia. On Monday night Russian troops began marching into Estonia in order to occupy the positions conceded to them. Tallinn and Riga have been much disturbed at the necessity for these concessions and the pacts which they had hitherto refused. Tallinn had heard of further territorial demands and this threatened a cabinet crisis.

The new Latvian pact, which follows four days of intensive negotiation between M. Munters, the Latvian Foreign Minister, and leading Soviet diplomats, provides for naval and air bases at the Latvian ports of Libau and Windau (both of which are shown on the bird's-eye view on opposite page; both are practically ice-free) and elsewhere, supported by coastal batteries and forces of troops between Windau and Pitrags. A clause in the pact states that Latvian sovereignty will not be disturbed and all territory used for Soviet defences will be leased. At the same time the news of these advances of Soviet diplomatic and military interest on the Baltic shore have alarmed all Scandinavia, the Swedish Government immediately augmenting its army.

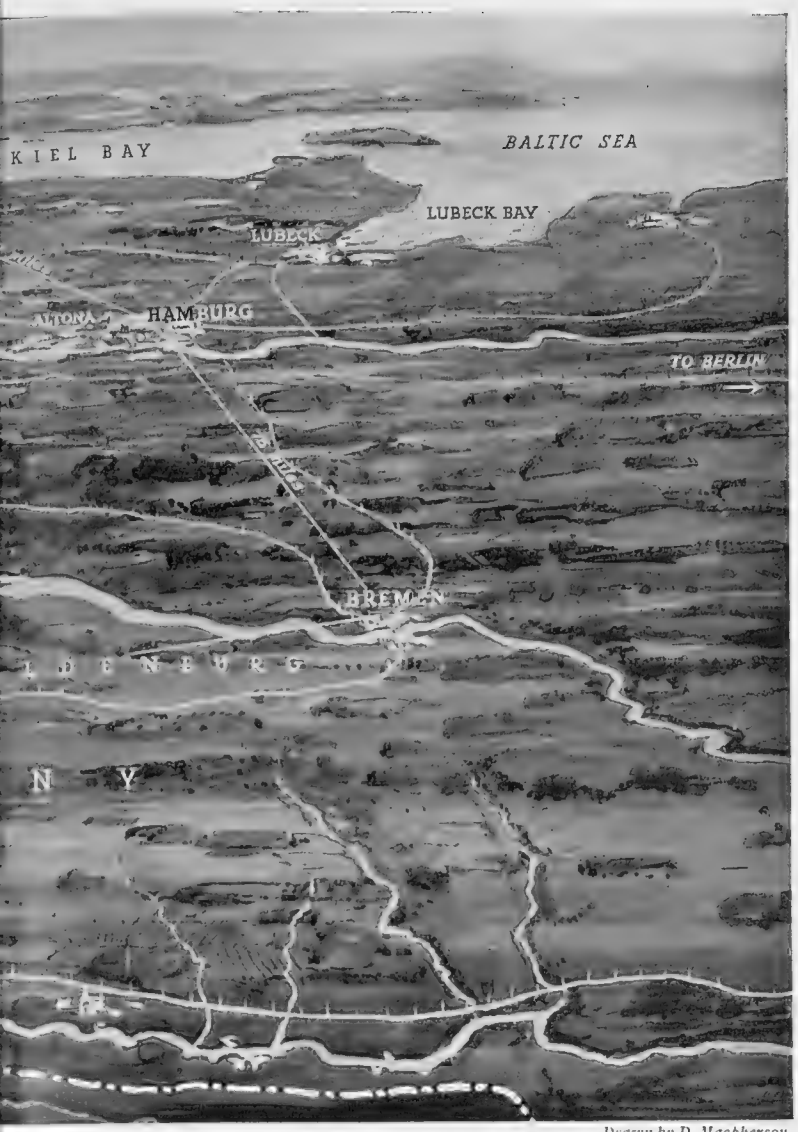
A PRE-WAR PICTURE OF HAMBURG WITH GERMAN U-BOATS ALONGSIDE QUAY

Perhaps these vessels would be as safe as anywhere if they remained where they are here shown. In 1914–18 U-boat bases were often immune from attack but they will have to be hidden with greater care to-day



WHERE THE EXTENDED MAGINOT LINE RUNS WESTWARD ALONG THE SOUTH BELGIAN FRONTIER

Until comparatively recently the Maginot Line terminated opposite the Saar region. One curious feature is the frontier salient which contains the valley of the Meuse whence it turns northwards to Namur and the River Maas



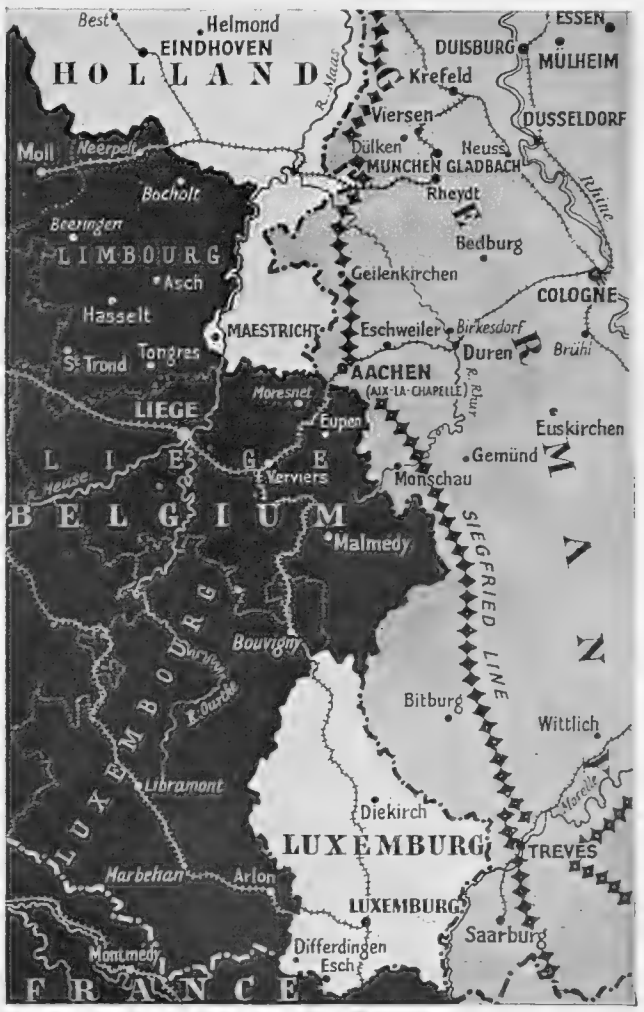
Drawn by D. Macpherson

slewed round to the westward—the direction of north is shown by the arrow on lower left. all find their way to the sea in this German corridor between Holland and Denmark. buttel, the Kiel Canal, and—inland—Hamburg and Bremen are indicated. Beyond now in danger of being sunk by German submarines. Transferring goods to Esbjerg narrow waters at the mouth of the Baltic, but there are German bases just to the south

THE ADVANCE OF RUSSIA ALONG THE BALTIC SHORES

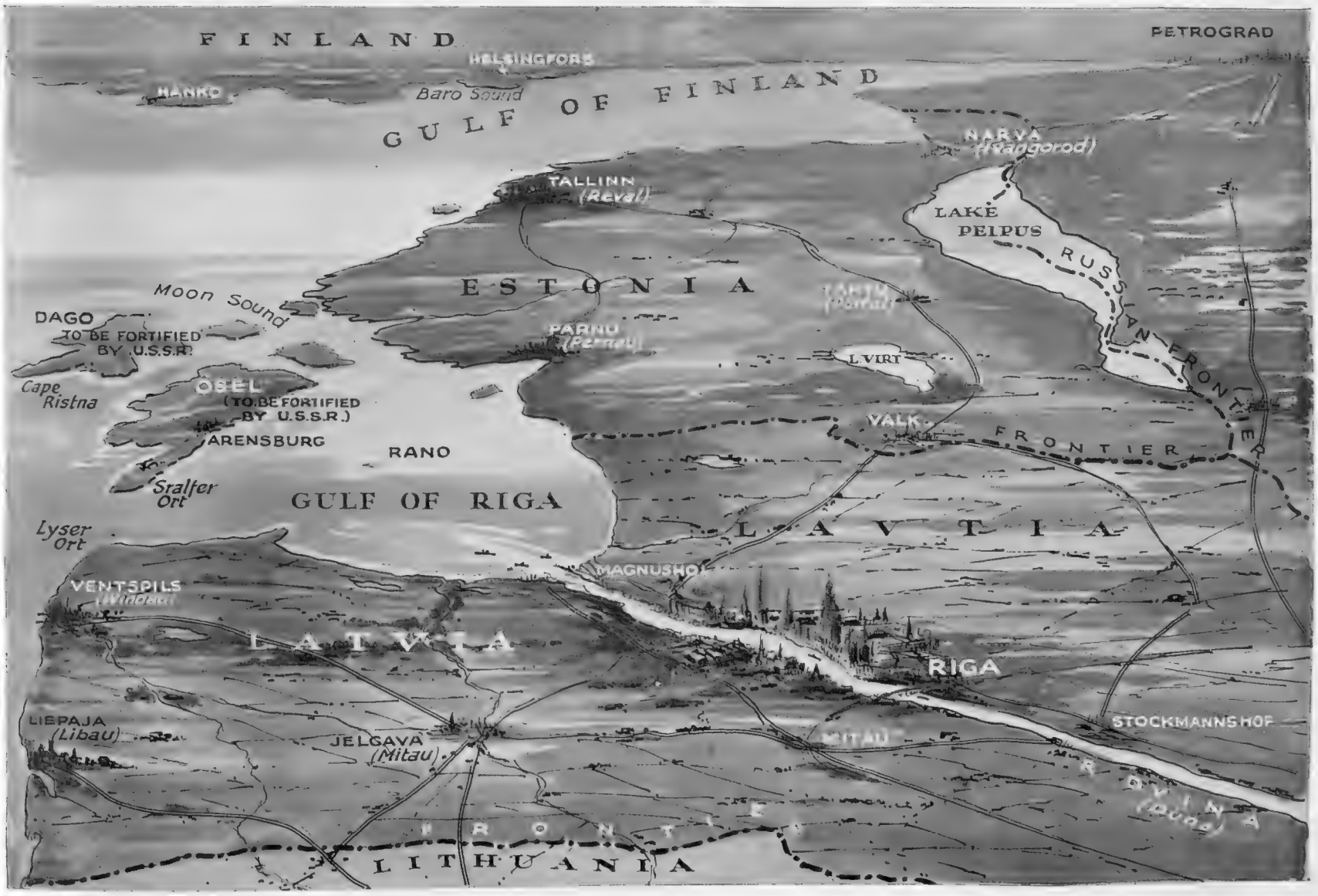
Where Belgium Faces Germany and Where Denmark and Germany Have Collided Over the Question of Contraband Cargoes

Passing northwards from the Luxembourg salient of the Western Front a stretch of Belgian frontier is reached. From end to end, as the crow flies, it is but some 40 miles long, but measuring along its curves it reaches about 60 miles in length. The post-Great War line includes Eupen and Malmedy and the zinc mines, which were finally ceded to Belgium The northern Ardennes drop away into low gently swelling ground and finally into large stretches of level territory. It was at a northern village that Belgium was first invaded in August of 1914. A considerable part of this frontier is now well defended with steel and other barriers



WHERE BELGIUM TOUCHES GERMANY ON A NARROW FRONT OF 40 MILES

The actual Belgo-German frontier is comparatively short. It extends from a point opposite Aix-la-Chapelle down to Luxembourg. In the Great War the duchy was immediately over-run, so that the shortness of frontier may be of small value



THE TWO LITTLE BALTIC COUNTRIES WHICH HAVE BOWED TO SOVIET DEMANDS

The view is taken from the south overlooking the picturesque city of Riga through which flows the Dvina (or Duna) River. Libau and Windau, two towns on the Baltic coast, are shown under their new and still unfamiliar names. Mitau is unrecognisable as Jelgava. The two islands which are to be fortified by Soviet Russia are shown to the westward. To the north is Estonia, with Pernau figuring as Parnu, and Dorfat as Tartu. Reval is Tallinn, the capital. Away in the distance is Finland, faced on the Russian side by the former capital, Leningrad

IS THIS NECESSARY?

Or—Isn't Income Tax High Enough?

TWO FINE EXAMPLES OF GOVERNMENT EXPENDITURE

Everyone in London is familiar with such sights as the above. On scores of hoardings these posters confront the wayfarer. We now learn that, by the end of the month "when the campaign ends," this poster campaign will have cost the country £44,000. A small sum when compared with our vast armament schedule perhaps—but, nevertheless, one item in a Budget which means an income tax of 7s. 6d. in the £! And it is not as if the citizens of Britain needed reminding that, "Freedom is in peril"—of course it is; and, of course, we all know it! We do not need the expenditure of £44,000 to remind us every time we turn a street corner—a couple of bombers would serve to impress our point of view on the enemy far more strongly!

SHOULD THIS FINE BUILDING SERVE SUCH A PURPOSE?

These two pictures are of St. John's College, Oxford, founded originally in 1555 by Sir Thomas White and now possessing one of the most beautiful gardens in the city. The college has been taken over by—of all things—the Potato Board! Surely more suitable—and less sumptuous—offices could have been found for this very necessary but quite un-ecclesiastical body? Or is the economic study of the humble potato only possible in such cloistered calm as this?

The World of Books—Reviewed by Vernon Fane

SOME EXCELLENT NEW BOOKS

A Scholarly Study of Anne Boleyn; An Editor's Autobiography; And Other Works for Dark Autumn Evenings by the Fireside

MR. FRANCIS HACKETT'S **QUEEN ANNE BOLEYN** (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 8s. 6d.) is a novel and not "history fictionised," in the rather clumsy present-day phrase. This is an important distinction since it clarifies the role that imagination plays and gives the author full credit, or at the worst full responsibility for the interpretation he has put on events.

The period of Henry VIII is a familiar one to Mr. Hackett, since he published his biography of that turbulent monarch about ten years ago. In this new book Henry again dominates the scene, for all the author's concentration on his second queen and on the intrigues which won and lost the throne for her. In every century of our history there have been figures of this stature and, whether their acts have been soberly chronicled or decorated and distorted by all the arts and devices of the story teller, they inevitably remain themselves and, in some curious way, pass their own judgments on their historians.

Mr. Hackett's Anne is not of this calibre, but she is none the less a fascinating study. She has never been a lovable figure, for all her youth and good looks and the early, violent death which might in itself have swung sympathies to her side. Anne was raised and trained at court. She knew its dangers and its fascinations, but she was never able, Mr. Hackett holds, to assess court life at its real value. It was the meaning of existence to her, and when she planned to marry Henry, it was the king she set her mark on, and not the man.

For his part Henry was in love, but even his infatuation did not confuse the issue for him. Anne was young and she might bear him a son. It was not until the birth of Elizabeth and a subsequent series of miscarriages that Henry seriously thought of discarding Anne. By that time Jane Seymour was a pale, acquiescent shadow in the background and Anne's life was in danger. Even her old enemy, Wolsey, had never been such a menace to her security as the husband who had ceased to be her lover.

Mr. Hackett's style is scholarly in content, vivid in expression and he has a remarkable facility for rendering conversations of that age in not too stilted a phrasing. Even this, though, may have its lapses as when he is writing of one of Henry's many struggles with Rome.

"A General Council!" said the Pope. "Oh, good Lord!"

The activities of those gentlemen concerned with the advertising trade are, to the lay mind, a closed book. One has apprehended from time to time that they are a force to be encouraged and, if necessary, propitiated, but the inner mysteries of their methods are not known to most of us, and consequently a book of revelations of this particular form of salesmanship might well be engrossing.

Mr. Stephen Lister, we are told, has had considerable experience of this particular world of business and his *exposé* of it has just enough bias to make it lively. Having himself achieved a position of prominence in this profession, he decided to retire before he was forty, and found it worth while to live on a fraction of his income, in peace, rather than continue in the competitive life that he had known for the past ten years.

SAVOY GRILL AT ONE! (Peter Davies. 8s. 6d.) is autobiography in the novel style, and although the publishers claim for it that the book tells the author's story, it is a little difficult to know where fiction lends a helping hand. Since there is no question of Mr. Lister being an impartial reporter of his erstwhile colleagues and their affairs, it is more than possible that he has drawn on that imagination which, it is generally acknowledged, is the distinguishing characteristic of the really brilliant executive. In any case, he has given us a very jolly, angry, unreticent sort of book, and I hope that he will soon be able to enjoy his little Provençal cottage again.

Miss Alice Head's book—**IT COULD NEVER HAVE HAPPENED:** The Autobiography of Alice M. Head (Heinemann. 8s. 6d. net)—on the other hand, is autobiography pure and simple, and although she controls an important fictional output in her capacity as editor of *Good Housekeeping*, she has not allowed her own story to stray in its telling beyond the classic limits of the memoir.

It is a good story, too, and I would have liked far more of it, more of the strict childhood when the only Sunday diversion was a curious and arid game of "Missionary Lotto," and more of the early days when Miss Head worked on *The Academy*, under the editorship of Lord Alfred Douglas, known to irreverent office boys of that time as "The Lord."

For many years Miss Head has known, worked for, and become a close personal friend of that extraordinary figure of American journalism, Mr. William Randolph Hearst, and her portrait of him is, naturally, one of the most interesting things about the book. If one holds views about Mr. Hearst they are apt, my reading experience teaches me, to be strong views. He is no ordinary man, and he rarely produces a reaction of indifference. Here is Miss Head on the subject.

"Nearly all the biographies I have read of Mr. Hearst depict him as some kind of a saint upon earth. I think he would rather be presented as a human being. He has variously been described as a Sphinx, an enigma, the incarnation of a Roman Emperor. . . . The truth is, he is a man of profound learning with an absolutely first-class brain but with a number of engaging boyish characteristics. He is the soul of courtesy, in all circumstances of life he is always a gentleman, he is quixotically generous, and he has a gay and responsive sense of humour."

"No one with his love for children and animals could have anything but a kind heart," Miss Head continues, though she concedes a little later that "like every other human being Mr. Hearst has doubtless made mistakes in the course of his extremely full and active life."

Miss Head acknowledges a great debt of kindness and generosity to Mr. Hearst. I think it will be admitted that in these two paragraphs alone she has repaid it.

To write of your hero that "several years were to elapse before he had intimate relations with any woman" would seem to most readers to savour too coldly of the police court to be really convincing in a romantic novel. It occurred to me, on reading that line, that Miss March Cost had taken almost as much of a dislike for her chief male character as I had, when not more than a third of the way through his story.

THE DARK STAR (Collins. 8s. 6d.) is the tale of two complicated beings, an actor and an actress, whose emotional and dramatic lives need each other's complementary genius. As an already famous actor, Eden Loring adopts the child, Fanny Wreath, and later trains her for the stage. From the day of their meeting she has an extravagant love for him and he an impatient affection for her. His interest in her, however, is as strong as hers, though it is prompted by ambition. She is to become a great actress, and nothing is to distract her from that goal.

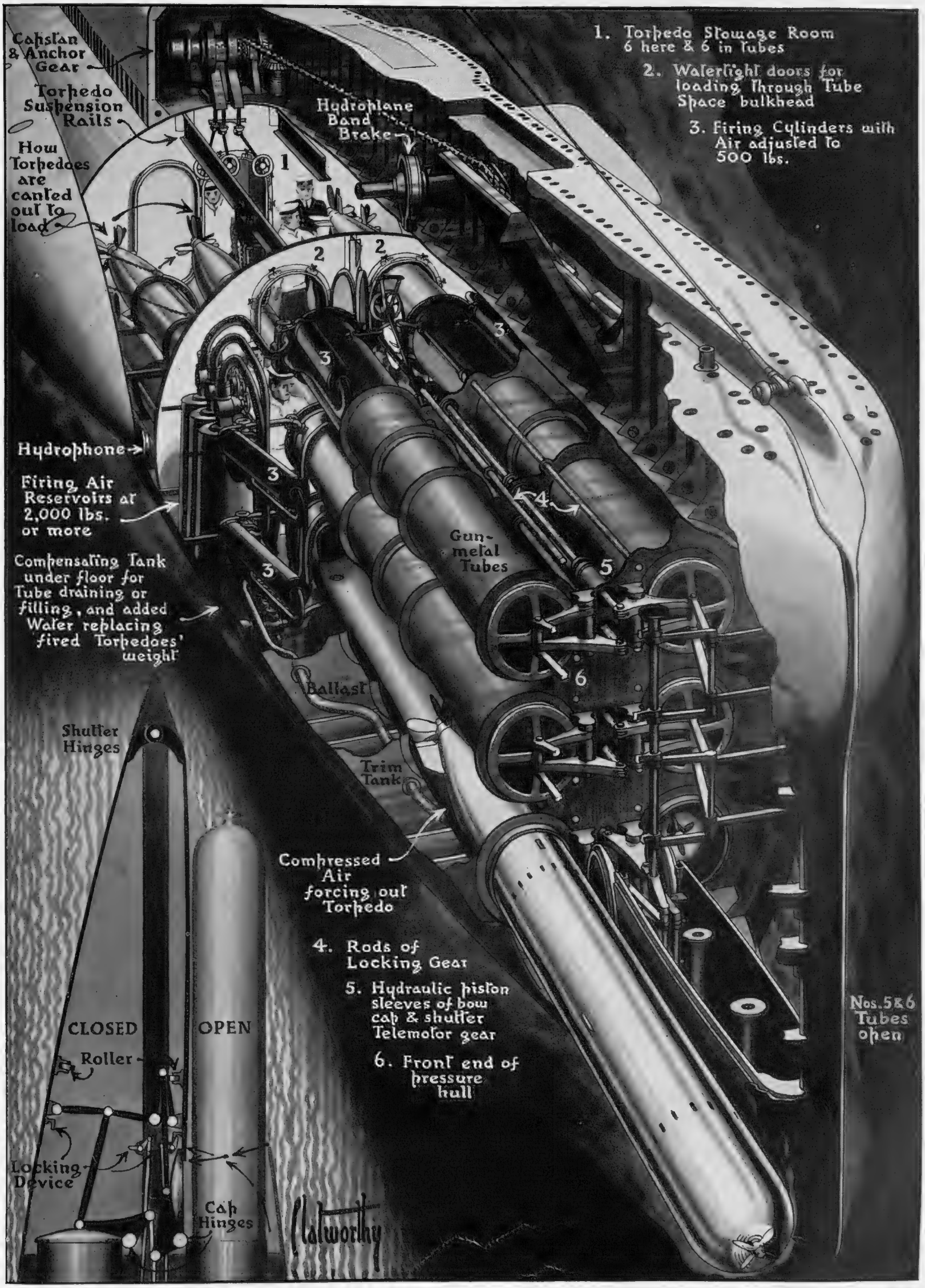
In the end Fanny achieves Loring's ambition triumphantly, while he succumbs to drink and to a nervous collapse. Their reunion, with its promise of marriage and some brief happiness, brings the book to its close, though not before their emotions and motives have been exhaustively analysed.

Miss March Cost writes, with only one or two prosaic exceptions, with great sensitiveness; and her book has some passages of really moving beauty. These in spite of her obvious preoccupation with human designs and purposes, most often relate to the face of nature itself. "Behind the farm, the hill sheltering it cupped, one side densely wooded, the other sparsely," she writes of a scene in Scotland. "Between, in this hollow, great trembling clouds arose in the blue sky, often hanging lower than the sheep cropping on the bare spurs above. These mounded tops, the remains of once youthful alps, worn down by centuries of snow and ice, generations of rain, decades of sunshine, had now achieved the bland grandeur, the lowly mildness of a grassy grave. The air here shimmered always as if the earth in its interminable process of ageing had left its dwindling form in vibrations of light, its bulky heights that had been, traced now as a mystic aura. . . ."

M. Antoine de Saint-Exupery has already attained fame in two widely distant worlds; as an airman and as a writer. His new book proves that he possesses an even rarer quality, for **WIND, SAND AND STARS** (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) is unmistakably the work of a poet.

For eight years the author was a regular airline pilot in the pioneer company which was the predecessor of Air France. He received his training in Toulouse, and made his first distance flights over Africa. He was to grow familiar with the Sahara route from the air, and from his experience of its isolated posts. He crashed in the desert a few hundred miles from Cairo, and was rescued by a Bedouin when more than half dead from thirst and exposure. In South America he learned the terrors of the Andes, fought tornadoes in the air and by one incalculably strong gust of wind was blown from his inland course five miles out to sea.

But it is not with these exploits on the grand scale that his book is solely concerned. His purpose has been to show one something of his own magic world, the world of flight, "in which I should be enclosed as in the precincts of a temple—enclosed in the temple of night for the accomplishment of secret rites and absorption in inviolable contemplation."



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How a Submarine's Twelve Torpedoes Are Fired

This drawing has been specially prepared for "The Sphere" to show the mechanism by which a torpedo is discharged from a British submarine. Here six torpedoes are in their tubes; and a further six are in storage and have, when required, to be moved up to the rear door of the tube by slinging out a running cradle. The outer (sea) doors are opened and closed by rods operated hydraulically. This is an intricate device of several bars and hinges; it is shown separately in the left hand bottom corner from an elevated point of view. On left, the door is closed; on the right, it is open and the torpedo is moving out under air pressure. Th device enables the outer shutters to work synchronously with the outer tube caps. Once free of the ube the torpedo continues under its own power with a double propeller at the rear end and a spindle propeller at the bow which makes the torpedo "alive"

TRAVEL OFFICES IN LONDON OUT OF USE

The German and Czechoslovakian Railway offices no longer function. Even during peace times there was never a swastika to be seen on the building or on any poster

ANOTHER TRAVEL OFFICE OUT OF ACTION

Poland, too, suffers from the cessation of tourist traffic—a source of lively revenue to any country. The office faces that of Germany across Lower Regent Street

THE EXCEPTIONAL BEAUTY OF THIS YEAR'S AUTUMN GARDENS

The autumn gardens this year have been wonderful. Never has the sunk garden at Kensington Palace looked more resplendent

ANOTHER AUTUMN BEAUTY SPOT OF LONDON

A blaze of autumn colours has greeted the eye by the moat on Tow Hill. This particular view-point one of the prettiest spots in ondon

THE PETROL WORLD

POOL CARS!

A system of grouping, put forward by the R.A.C., which would greatly help the private car owner with his petrol ration

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

LONG before the war commenced the Government had put into operation amongst owners of a certain class of commercial vehicles a scheme known as grouping. The Royal Automobile Club, who during the past few years have shown tremendous interest for the well-being of the private motorist, have now put forward a similar scheme which, if adopted by the owners of private cars, should help a very large section of the community. Perhaps the best way to explain the scheme is to give a couple of imaginary examples.

Supposing, say, five motorists in normal times each uses his car to go from his house to his place of business in the town or city. Under the present rationing scheme whereby we are given only sufficient to enable us to cover approximately 180 miles per month, the owners of these cars find it quite impossible with the spirit available to do this journey every day of the week. In desperation they take a season ticket on the railway, only to find that the journey takes infinitely longer, is most uncomfortable owing to overcrowding, and the times of trains are highly inconvenient.

The R.A.C. suggests that if only these five motorists, if they live near each other, would get into touch and use one of the five cars a day to convey the five people to and from the district they live in and the town, they would still be able to do the journey comfortably and would get sufficient value out of the use of their cars to make it well worth while carrying on paying their tax and insurance.

Another example is that of five car owners who, in the ordinary way, would use their cars to go from their homes in the same district to the nearest station en route to their offices. Here again, if the five owners could only be put into touch with each other they could use one car per day to the great benefit of all. Speaking generally, therefore, if owners can only get into touch with others who use their cars to cover the same journey more or less at the same time much benefit would result.

The difficulty is to find a way whereby all these various owners can get to know each other. This is where the R.A.C., with its nation-wide organisation, comes to the rescue and makes the scheme possible. It is enlisting the sympathy of the thousands of motor agents and garage proprietors in all parts of the country and these traders have given the R.A.C. their hearty co-operation. Actually, the R.A.C. has written to some 5,000 garage proprietors in Great Britain and Northern Ireland who hold the club's repairer or agent's appointment.

Already a large number of these garages have written in offering their assistance, and so it looks as if before very long the scheme will be in actual operation. Just one note of warning. The arrangement is entirely legal provided that no monetary or other consideration, whether direct or indirect, passes between the parties concerned. Insurance is not affected.

Most of us have been worrying what is to happen to us and our cars should we run out of petrol before we have completed the journey which has been undertaken. Obviously, the risk of being stranded through lack of petrol is greatly increased and the chances of getting to the end of the journey when such a thing happens would, at first sight, appear to be extremely remote, particularly if the full quota of coupons has been used up.

Once again the R.A.C. steps into the breach. I am informed that the club is extending its valuable "Get-you-home" service to cover all such cases. Should a member run short of petrol and still have current coupons in his possession, the R.A.C. will pay for the cost of conveying petrol to him from the nearest garage, but not, of course, for the petrol. In cases where he runs out of petrol and has no coupons left with which to purchase a new supply, the R.A.C. will pay for the cost of towing the car home or to a garage.

Where it is not necessary to tow the car then the club will pay for a conveyance to the nearest station or the member's home. A stranded motorist in this category must remember that if there are no current coupons available it will not be possible for him to buy even a gallon to get him home on his own car, and he will have to make arrangements for the vehicle to be towed in and garaged until his next month's allowance of petrol is available. In all cases the maximum distance either for towing, carriage of petrol, or conveyance is five miles each way.

To me this scheme seems particularly generous and comforting, for until I heard of it I had grave misgivings as to what would happen to both myself and my car should I have made a miscalculation or if the petrol in the tank had leaked out or been stolen. I am informed that the scheme is only being put into operation experimentally until the end of the year. I am quite certain that if any members or associate members of the R.A.C. had previously contemplated dropping out and not paying their annual subscription this scheme will convince them that such a course would be most unwise.

I expect a number of motorists have had rather unthought-of experiences during the short time that petrol rationing has been in operation. The other day when I wanted to get the tank of my car filled the gauge must have stuck because the last gallon would not go into the tank, the result being that instead of getting six gallons, which I thought the tank would take, the pump attendant could only induce five and a half gallons to go inside. The problem then presented itself as to how the garage was to cover itself for the odd half-gallon.

Quite logically the attendant said that he could not very well cut a coupon for two gallons into four portions, or a coupon for three gallons into six portions, my rationing book being composed exclusively of these two types of coupons. In the end I was allowed to have a half-gallon without surrendering any coupon or part thereof to cover the half-gallon. At present if I want two, three or four gallons and upwards I can give the necessary coupons to cover the wanted supply, but if I use up all the twos and be left with the threes, or vice versa, I can see myself getting into more difficulties.

Then again, a friend of mine who runs a baby car called into a garage the other day and asked for two gallons. He handed the rationing book to the pump attendant and to his amazement got it back with only one coupon removed. In this book, which is for all motor cars up to 7 h.p., there are only four coupons and each is for one unit or one gallon. Apparently, the pump attendant had never before seen a coupon for one gallon and without looking at it assumed it was for two. Needless to say, he was grateful when a second coupon was surrendered to him. I feel certain that a number of small difficulties such as these will arise from time to time and I would ask readers of these notes to send me particulars and if they are of interest to all motorists I will certainly comment on them.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship, with its ninety-six years' record of good work for poor children, needs immediate help in the way of additional funds to keep its work going to full capacity. Its old boys and girls are to be found in all parts of the world. 8,477 boys have secured civil employment, 1,046 have been helped to emigrate, 4,238 have joined the Royal Navy, 7,229 the Merchant Navy, 5,597 have joined the Army and Service Bands, 6,835 girls have been prepared for household duties, and the remaining 1,165 are still being provided for in this Society's various Homes and Ship. Surely this magnificent record deserves all the support possible. Please send donations to the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, from which address they will be gratefully acknowledged.

The knowing squirrel points a moral for the motorist. Store up security for yourself, at this season of wet roads and windstrewn leaves, by fitting the safest tyre in all the world.

DUNLOP Fort

WITH TEETH TO BITE THE ROAD

HOLNE PARK HOTEL, ASHBURTON, S. DEVON

Come and fish, feast, and forget, at this first-class Country House Hotel, situated on perhaps the most beautiful stretch of the River Dart. Here indeed Nature dominates over thoughts of war. Let us send you our Brochure.

Winter Terms from **3½ Gns.**

Park your Family in safety at

HOTEL RIPOSO, BEXHILL

Even if *your* business is in London, you can send them easily by fast electric train.

Even if there's an air raid (very unlikely at Bexhill), the safest place is the seashore. HOTEL RIPOSO is almost at the water's edge. *Verb. sap.*

Write to-day for brochure.

The Perfect Hotel for Winter and War-time Residence.

BOURNE HALL

—BOURNEMOUTH—

100 modernly furnished rooms. Bridge. Billiards. Specially equipped Air Raid Shelters.

PRIORY HOTEL, EXETER ROAD, BOURNEMOUTH

A.A. R.A.C.

This Hotel—midway between Square, Pier and Pavilion—is modern, airy and spotlessly clean with good food and service, excellent beds, and every comfort to make its patrons wish to prolong their stay in this delightful Resort. Large Garage in grounds.

Tel. 1851. *'Grams: "Sunny."*

Terms from **4 gns.**

PEACE AND SECURITY

Like a vintage wine, the Tollard Royal has weathered the years. It offers comfort, peace and security . . . always, and is distinct from a thousand others in Bournemouth by three characteristic points:

Its position on the more fashionable West Cliff is the finest in the town.

It has a licensed and fully-equipped Bridge Club.

Its Solarium, with the patented Rosenburg ultra violet rays, provides sun-bathing 24 hours a day.

TOLLARD ROYAL HOTEL BOURNEMOUTH

Terms from 5½ gns. **Terms and details from Miss P. E. WOOLCOCK**

PEACE IN THE FOREST

Forest ponies as placid as ever. Cattle browsing in our acres of meadowland. The sunlight playing daily on our lake. Figs, apples and garden produce awaiting your daily consumption. Come now.

BURLEY MANOR HOTEL

AT BURLEY HEART OF THE NEW FOREST

A beautifully equipped first-class hotel run on first-class lines by the new Resident Proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. H. Dakin Markham. *'Phone Burley 70*

PINE-SCENTED AIR—quiet gardens and the peace of the country. Golf on a sporting moorland course. All-weather tennis. London within reach. Real comfort, real cooking . . . and real rest. Lift. Central Heating in every bedroom and bathroom.

Proprietor: MR. G. EGLINGTON ADAMS.

THE CREST HOTEL

CROWBOROUGH SUSSEX

Fully licensed. Accommodation available from Sept. 15th at 5 gns. weekly. *Tel. 394*

WOODSIDE HOTEL, HAILSHAM, SUSSEX

Safety without Solitude! For we are only 6 miles from Eastbourne, and lie in 6½ acres of grounds off the London—Eastbourne road. We have all modern conveniences such as central heating and H. and C.: and as we are a Country Club as well, there is always congenial company.

Terms from **3½ gns.**

LOWER POL MARK, HARLYN BAY, CORNWALL

A little bit of Heaven, away from the strife and sordid side of war. Golden Sands. Glorious Air. A modern attractive home, distinguished for its comfort and cooking.

From **3½ gns.**

DUDLEY HOTEL, HOVE, SUSSEX

Just off the front and within a few paces of the Hove lawns, this first-class hotel will appeal to those who are appreciative of a high standard of comfort, cuisine, and service. Completely modernised and re-furnished, and under the personal direction of Mr. F. Kung (Swiss).

Terms from **5½ Gns.**

AND *NOW*, Mr. Business-Man!

If you must stay within reach of Town during the war, why not make your base at

THE RED HOUSE, LEATHERHEAD

Frequent electric trains reach London in half an hour. A most comfortable, quiet hotel, a lovely garden, excellent tennis courts. Telephone: 2271

MANOR HOUSE HOTEL, MUNDESLEY-ON-SEA, NORFOLK

Each year, many who appreciate good food, good wines and good service, winter with us. They are also appreciative of the joys of central heating and good fires, should the weather turn cold. Yet, on the whole, we enjoy a wonderful climate, and there are few days when one cannot be out on the 18-hole golf course.

Terms from **3½ gns.** Month or longer

QUEEN'S HOTEL, PENZANCE, CORNWALL

Winter Wisely! Here, on the sea front, facing South and overlooking Mount's Bay and St. Michael's Mount, is an hotel which for years has been to many a winter home. 100 bedrooms. Modern bathrooms. Lift. Our telegraphic address is "Seaward," and our watchword "Comfort."

Terms from **4½ gns.**

AND HERE IS PEACE . . . in a sheltered park of 60 acres, a sun-trap 400 feet up, an hospitable hotel for residence during the dark days of winter and war. London under an hour by train. Sporting golf course in the grounds.

THE SPA HOTEL ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS

First-class in comfort, cooking and service. 85 rooms and suites.

Write to S. Hancock, Director, for tariff-booklet entitled "And here is peace."

Telephone: Tunbridge Wells 1911

In Quest of

There is Still a Lot to be

"LONDON is not such a bad place, after all." That, I believe, is the correct opinion of those who have ventured up from the country to visit her. I use that word "ventured" deliberately because there has been so much talk of evacuation that there must be many in the country who visualise her as a deserted village.

The facts are that evacuation has been confined to the poorer classes who cannot have the same adequate shelter protection as those of us who are more fortunate in our surroundings.

A certain number of business concerns have also migrated or might migrate to the country in case of emergency, but London, far from being empty, is beginning to fill up. The returning trickle of those who left at the commencement of hostilities may soon become a stream, for the life of London still goes on. The stores are doing good business. The shows are in full force, and though in the centre of London large places have to close early, restaurants and night clubs carry on.

We who live in London have confidence in our air-raid protection. The sky is dotted with balloons, which ride at anchor by day and night. Every few yards there seems to be air-raid shelters. We have learnt to find our way about in the dark, or rather, I should say, taxi and bus drivers take us with miraculous precision to our destinations.

Come then to London, for no one can stay away from London long. Here hotels are open and ready to receive you, and having visited many of them I can testify to the excellence of the air raid precautions they have made—just in case.

Where will you stay? Here is a trio of suggestions I am prepared to vouch for.

Here is one well known to thousands of Americans, but may be unknown to you. The Stafford Hotel, St. James's Place, in the very heart of St. James's. Apart from being very first class, it has the unique advantage of being in the heart of the West End, and yet one might be in the heart of the country. Nobody at night time disturbs the silence unless one occasionally hears the clock of St. James's Palace with its not unpleasant chime, and in the morning the birds of the Green Park engaged in orchestral music.

The homes of distinguished people surround the Stafford. Titled people of good taste stay at the Stafford, and if you are appreciative of the best at a price which is slightly below the standard of the larger London hotels of international fame, you would like the Stafford.

And here is yet another most excellent headquarters for you when you come to town—St. Ermin's in the City of Westminster. One minute's walk from St. James's Park, a matter of five minutes to the Houses of Parliament and the Government offices around Whitehall. It, again like the Stafford,

SELSDON PARK HOTEL

SANDERSTEAD - - - SURREY

'Phone: Sanderstead 2001

Unique for War time residence or rest

Over 500 ft. up on the Surrey Hills, yet only half an hour from the heart of London.

FREE GOLF ON PRIVATE 18-HOLE COURSE (6,430 yards)

Illustrated brochure free on request.

Full en pension with free service to station, magnificent solarium, billiards, tennis, squash rackets, electric gymnasium, all free. Riding. REMOTE FROM OTHER BUILDINGS, IN OWN PARK OF 230 ACRES, IN A NEUTRAL AREA. Adequate subterranean gas-proof air raid shelter, protected by four reinforced concrete floors. Hot and cold water, telephone and radiator in every room. Over 150 rooms, the majority with private bathroom. Moderate inclusive terms.

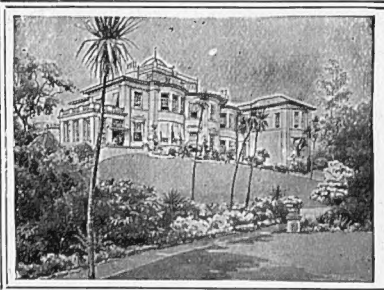
On outbreak of hostilities we reduced terms 20% to 25%. No increase has been made in these terms and there is no avoidable alteration in standard.

PARK HALL

TORQUAY

within sight and sound of the sea. Moderate terms include FREE GOLF (18 holes), Tennis, Squash, Badminton, Billiards and Bridge. Refurnished and redecorated throughout. Full particulars from Miss R. Ross, Mgrss.

'Phone Torquay 3434



Within its Own Beautiful Grounds

THERE'S PEACE, WARMTH, AND COMFORT

at

LINCOMBE HALL

TORQUAY

Central heating and modern appointments. Many bedrooms with private bath. First-class cuisine. Inclusive terms from 4 guineas.

WRITE FOR BROCHURE

BEAUFORT HOTEL, TINTERN, WYE VALLEY

The famous Abbey faces us. The loveliness of the Wye Valley surrounds us. To stay with us is to remain, for here good fires, good cooking and good service make the perfect alliance.

WINTER TERMS from **5 gns.**

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Said for London, After All!

has reason to boast of its quiet and secluded position. Once the St. Ermin's Hotel, it now comprises both hotel and service flat accommodation. Unique may be a hackneyed word, but it must be applied to the dignified yet homely environment which affects one in the lounge, the restaurant, and the varying sized service flats above stairs.

St. Ermin's has the dignity of pre-war (1914) vintage. It has the essential comforts of this more modern age, and throughout there is a decorative treatment which will immediately suggest to the trained eye that only a woman could produce those deft touches which have transformed a palatial hotel into a peaceful home.

I was not surprised to hear that amongst the permanent residents are some who came for a few nights, eight, nine and ten years ago and are still there.

A furnished service flat runs from 6 gns. to 12½ gns. a week. Unfurnished, with service, from £90 to £300 per annum. The scale for hotel bedrooms ranges from 10s. 6d. a day or 3 gns. a week to 25s. a day for a double room and bath dressing-room or 6½ gns. a week.

Meals in the restaurant are most reasonable, full breakfast 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d., a table d'hôte lunch at 2s. 6d. and dinner 5s.

Here in the restaurant as everywhere else one is infected with the selectiveness and seclusion of one's surroundings. "To arrive is surely to remain" at St. Ermin's in the heart of Westminster.

But I have for you a third choice, and it will appeal to those who once again appreciate selectivity and quietude of position, but who at the same time look for something around the 4 guineas a week price; and again it is an hotel which you may not have heard of before. Dorset Square Hotel lies, as its name indicates, in Dorset Square, which is just off the Marylebone Road, and within easy walking distance of Baker Street and the Harley Street neighbourhood.

It is as perfect an hotel as you would find anywhere, with some fifty bedrooms, spotlessly clean, really good furniture, shining with polish, and a standard of cooking which is far above the ordinary.

Here, in the heart of London, one can be regaled daily with country fare, which one so often pines for in big cities. Plump chicken and duck, direct from Devon farms, Cornish cream, west country fruit and vegetables.

But seeing and tasting is believing. Sample this Dorset Square Hotel yourself.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

A Bathroom to every Bedroom . . .

How many country hotels can boast such an amenity? It is just an example of what you may expect of life at

GROVE HALL HOTEL TWYFORD - BERKS -

A delightful country house, surrounded by flower gardens and a park: 34 miles from London by road, 37 minutes by train. Here you will find pleasant company in congenial surroundings at moderate prices. Tennis, Squash and Golf (Sonning 18-hole course). Telephone: Twyford 106.

Inclusive terms from 4 gns.

LONDON

The Stafford Hotel

ST. JAMES'S PLACE, S.W.1

A Restful Oasis in the Heart of St. James's

CUISINE OF QUALITY
WILLING AND ATTENTIVE SERVICE

Telephone: Regent 7501 (7 lines)
Telegrams: Stafford Hotel, London

L. GANDOLFO, Managing Director

DORSET SQUARE HOTEL

Telephone: Paddington 4452 (3 lines)

Dorset Square, off Marylebone Rd., N.1

An Hotel of unusual charm where both staff and the resident proprietors contrive to make you feel very much at home . . . even in war time. All poultry, eggs and butter still come daily from Cornish farms. Every bedroom is perfectly appointed even to a private telephone. Fully equipped gas and air raid shelter.

UNDER SAME DIRECTION, BOSCARN HOTEL LOOE

ST. ERMIN'S, LONDON, S.W.1

HOTEL AND SERVICE FLATS

An Address of Distinction, Close to St. James's Park and Whitehall

Renowned for quietude, comfort, service and cuisine. Hotel rooms from 10/6 per day. Suites from 4½ gns. per week. Service Flats from 6 gns. per week. Fully licensed Restaurant. Comfortable lounge. Most modern system of steam heating. Radiator, telephone and hot and cold basins to all hotel bedrooms.

APPROVED A.R.P. SHELTER

Telephones: Whitehall 3176 or 8202

APPLY ESTATE OFFICE, ST. ERMIN'S, CAXTON STREET, S.W.1

BOSCARN HOTEL, LOOE, SOUTH CORNWALL

Safety, Sands and Sunshine. Here is a perfect place for your family, far from the madding War. Here they can enjoy contentment of mind, beauty of environment and Cornish produce fresh from local farms. A first-class hotel on the water's edge. Special terms for children.

From **4 gns.** per week.

Is there a war on? It's difficult in this peaceful spot to realise it. The flags of our private Golf Course flutter in the Autumn breeze. Not a sound at night except perhaps that of an owl on night patrol. A perfect spot for your loved ones to reside in during the trying days ahead.

ELFORDLEIGH HOTEL

Near PLYMPTON SOUTH DEVON

Under the personal direction of the proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. T. Barrow Dowling.
TERMS FROM 3½ TO 5 GNS. TELEPHONE: PLYMPTON 22.411

THE GRANVILLE HOTEL, ST. MARGARET'S BAY, KENT

A Winter Sun-trap, sheltered from the North, in a peaceful reception area, and surrounded by good golf courses, this modernly equipped and long established hotel has always appealed to those people of good taste who seek relaxation from the travails of every-day life.

Terms from **4 Gns.**

THE SAFEST PLACE ON EARTH . . .

ST. BRELADE'S BAY HOTEL

JERSEY, CHANNEL ISLANDS

Your telegraphic address would be "Sheltered, Jersey." Your daily aspect "Sunny." Your private life "Serene." There are a number every year who "winter" at St. Brelade's Bay, economically, pleasurably, and profitably to their health. Come and swell the number this year and feel . . . at peace. Telephone I St. Aubin, or write to B. COLLEY, for details of accommodation still available.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Ashburton (S. Devon).—Holne Park Hotel.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle.—Welltown Manor Guest Hse. Tel. 17
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Hinton Firs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Priory Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Brixham.—Berry Head House Hotel. Tel. 3314.
Budleigh Salterton.—Rosemullion Hotel.
Burley.—Burley Manor Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold Hse. Htl. Tel.330
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 123.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Telephone 2219.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel.
Harlyn Bay (Cornwall).—Lower Pol Mark.
Harrogate.—Prospect Htl.**** R.A.C. Tel. 3015.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Looe.—Boscarn Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Mundesley-on-Sea (Norfolk).—Manor Hse. Htl.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Newton Ferrers (S. Devon).—Sheiling Gst. Hse.
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Paignton.—Ravenswood, Cliff Road.
Penzance (Cornwall).—Queen's Hotel.
Plympton.—Elfordleigh Hotel.
St. Margaret's Bay (Kent).—The Granville Htl.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Tintern.—Beaufort Hotel.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks.).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 109.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.

ENGLAND—*continued*

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Bryan House, Blackheath, S.E.3.
Dorset Square Hotel, Dorset Square, N.1.
Fairview Hotel, Hampstead, N.W.3. HAM 1446
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl. W.8. Wes. 8121
St. Ermin's, Caxton Street, S.W.1.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
Stafford Hotel, St. James's Place, S.W.1.
United Services Hotel. S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel. Tel. 7.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Tweedsmuir.—The Crook Inn.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakeley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

YOUR IDENTIFICATION

How much have you invested in your good name? No doubt your accountant has the answer at his finger-tips. But we venture the opinion that if you are an experienced advertiser the sum will run anywhere from four to six figures . . . the amount you or your concern have *invested* so that the millions of British people could identify you, your products or your good service.

We do not believe any shrewd business man would entirely abandon that investment for long.

The "pause" of recent weeks was inevitable whilst manufacturers took stock of the raw material and package situation, but again the experienced advertiser knows the danger of leaving his good name open to the advances of a competitor and the inherent economic advantages of the institutional campaign when, for some good reason, advertising effort upon a specific product would be impracticable. The reorientation of population is largely accomplished—and transport problems are being solved.

But the great British market is still there!

The readership of our ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS is greatly intensified in time of war. Each copy is read by scores of people—it is never destroyed, and every fourth copy goes to a friend overseas.

There is no more economical medium in which to advertise when you would slow down, and yet maintain your identity in the market.

When you reinstate your advertising, insist upon including ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS.

If you are one of our advertisers of to-day or yesterday, and would like to see a photostat of one of your 1914–18 advertisements please ask us. You will be amazed at the progress in advertising technique

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THE TATLER
THE SPHERE

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS
THE SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS

THE SKETCH
THE BYSTANDER

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